

# The Sketch.



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# The Sketch

No. 1377.—Vol. CVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



DISPLAYING HER "STRIPES," BUT HIDING HER HEAD: ZEBRA EFFECTS IN HOSIERY AND PARASOL.

The vogue of the stripe—which has affinities, perhaps, with the new "dazzle" designs born of naval camouflage—is very prevalent among the votaries of summer fashions. Here is an example,

which was carried out in blue and white, from the other side of the Atlantic. It would turn a tiger or a zebra green with envy.—*{Photograph by Western Newspaper Union.}*



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

**THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL:** *We must take life as we find it.*  
**SIR EDWARD CARSON:** *On the contrary, we want to make it better.*

Obviously, a slip of the tongue on the part of the Solicitor-General. But what a slip! The one thing that nobody in these days will contemplate for an instant is taking life as he finds it. The whole thing must be altered, from start to finish. Twilight sleep, I understand, has altered the start, and cremation has certainly altered the finish. Between these extremes everything else is being altered.

Schoolboys are delivering lectures on the subject of their own education. Is that a change for the better? I suppose it is. I know that I was taught a vast amount of rubbish, such as the date of the signing of Magna Charta, and left in complete ignorance of my physical anatomy. I could have delivered a rousing lecture on the folly of learning dull lists of imports and exports, whilst the spirit of the lands whence we received goods and to which we despatched them remained a sealed book. The relief of hectoring my masters being denied, I refused to commit the lists to memory. I was a passive resister.

Schoolgirls, they tell me, are changing even more quickly than schoolboys. They would. Instead of creeping about in Crocodiles, and pressing primroses in copies of Wordsworth, they cut off their hair, jump into breeches, mount a motor-bike, and tear round the countryside looking for work. Is that a change for the better?

**The Young-Woman Problem.** It's going too far and going too quickly.

The girl of the moment is tremendously on the mind of the public. The public is desperately anxious not to be a Fogey, or a Kill-Joy, or a Spoil-Sport, or an Antediluvian; at the same time, the public know that the young women are going ahead too fast. It is not so much that they have taken the bit between their teeth as that, in many cases, they have rejected harness altogether. They are bare-backed.

Well, that won't do. You must have harness. The world is not a prairie. It is a maze. Begin prancing in a maze, and you will soon lose sight of the magic thread that should lead you from the centre to the comparative liberty outside. I feel that this simile is getting a little laboured, but it has a meaning to it.

The Young-Woman Problem is much complicated by people who should know better. Novelists, for example. There are thousands of novelists, mostly women, who still continue to dissect the feminine soul. This is an unhealthy pursuit. The soul that goes often to the dissecting-table will fall to pieces at last. You might as well have your nerves out and put them under the microscope. The best nerves are those of which the owner is least conscious; and something of the same sort may be said, with reservations, about the soul.

In any case, the soul is not a thing to be sad about.

Regarding  
the Soul.

Although nothing was further from my intention when I sat down to write, a little plain speaking about the soul may do no harm.

The heart is your servant, but the soul is your master. You can control the heart, but you cannot control the soul. It controls you. The only definite thing you can do with the soul is to get rid of it. You can kill it, give it away, or sell it. Most of those who get rid of the soul prefer to sell it. It often fetches a fine price in the social market. As in the City. Or the Artistic Market.

Most people get an offer, at some time or another, for their soul. If they accept, they frequently get rich. They rise in the world. They meet all the best people—all the best people, that is, who have made the same bargain.

The soulless are a great and brilliant company. In things that really matter, of course, they don't count a rap; but they try hard to forget that, and you can forget anything if you really try hard. Just as you can believe anything.

Sounds a good bargain, doesn't it? But there's a catch in it. Without a soul you are not really alive at all. You don't respond. You're as dead as mutton. You may wax vomitishly rich, but diamonds are not much good to a corpse. This is not a sermon. There's as much hard sense in all this as you will get out of the Money Column in your daily paper.

Well, if it comes to that, possibly more.



**YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CROMER: LADY VIOLET BARING.**

Lady Violet was born in 1911; her sister, Lady Rosemary, in 1908; and her brother, Viscount Errington, in July 1918.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

"The ex-Kaiser  
Soul. continues to saw  
wood every day.

Since the publication of the Peace Treaty, he has become very nervous, and works with feverish energy."

Here is a good example of a man who decided to have a little flutter in the Soul Market. Two thousand years ago the question was put: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The Kaiser thought he would answer that question once for all. He settled with himself to be the man. He plumped for a sporting chance.

But sporting chances go wrong. The Kaiser lost both ways. He thought his soul, being a monarchical soul, was a fair exchange for the whole world; the world was not taking him at his own terms. So he saws wood with feverish energy.

He is a fine example—but an unwilling example—of the silly soul-seller. He points the moral for all time. But he won't see it. He keeps on saying that he and his soul never parted company. Which is ridiculous. If his soul was still with him, he would not saw wood with feverish energy. He would not saw wood at all. Time would be too precious.

Sawing wood is a rotten occupation for a man who wishes to forget. It is mechanical, and leaves gaps for thought. He'll probably end by sawing off his own head. An inglorious end, and one rather disgusting to the discarded soul awaiting the off-chance of a reunion.

## THE RACKETTY SIDE OF INTER-VARSITY TENNIS.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE LAWN-TENNIS MATCH: STROKES OF GENIUS IN THE SINGLES—OBSERVED BY OUR ARTIST.

The first inter-Varsity lawn-tennis match since 1914 took place at Cambridge last Wednesday and Thursday. On the first day

Oxford beat Cambridge in the Singles by 6 contests to 3, and on the second day Oxford won the Doubles by 5 matches to 4.

LOOK  
HERE.

"LOOK here," I said, "the dinner is the best that Belgrave Square provides, though the cook has been making stew and plum-duff in a Field Kitchen No. 1 for the last four years. He is still an artist."

"You mean he has not become an out-and-out plum-duffer," she suggested.

"Our hostess," I continued, "says you must pay great attention—"

"To you?" she slipped in.

"No; to the soup."

"But I never take it," she objected.

So I told her of the American who didn't either, because she was frightened, as she explained, of building on a swamp.

"You told me that the last time I sat next to you," she murmured; "other people have told me the same tale."

"You are difficult," I answered; "you always have been. That last time we sat next each other you thanked me for amusing you—a little! And then you smiled, as if that were the easiest way of disguising a yawn."

"Are all my smiles like that?" she asked.

"No," I said; "some of them are exquis— But, remembering my table manners, I stopped short.

The eye of our hostess was on us. Never apologise, never say nice things, never pay compliments—however much you mean them. Hard lines these days on the born flatterer, who must be rude or old-fashioned.

So I ignored the question, and reported instead on my day's doings. In the morning I had met E. V. Lucas on the top of a No. 16 in Park Lane, and asked him what he had in hand. "A tupenny," he answered, "to Lord's." "Of course, of course, I should have known," I said; "and I suppose Sir James Barrie is inside with the cricket-bag and things," for I remembered that these brother pen-pushers sometimes swung the willow (the only genuine St. John's wood) on the famous ground. But

ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES J. HAMBRO, COLDSTREAM GUARDS, ELDEST SON OF SIR C. ERIC HAMBRO: MISS PAMELA COBBOLD, DAUGHTER OF MR. JOHN COBBOLD AND LADY EVELYN COBBOLD.

Photograph by Lafayette.

no; he was going to watch—to watch Hirst (or Hendren—I forget which) in all seriousness and alone. Hirst (or Hendren), I understand, has lately shaved off a moustache, and is playing again with the vigour of a youngster. At the Marble Arch I descended from my No. 16, just opposite the Church Army establishment—"Charmy's Club of Friendliness," and wondered again at the whimsical address.

"And, talking of addresses," I continued, "I hear that Sir Marcus Samuel has taken Mayfair—"

"That the Derby has been run?" she suggested.

"That England is changing hands," I continued; "that long Lady Leconfield is still in a house too short for her in Charles Street; that Lord Ribblesdale is likely to live at his wife's house in Grosvenor Square, because there is no room for two in his converted garage near the top of Park Lane; that the Duchess of Marlborough is turning out."

"And tell me who is really turning in?" she asked.

"Some say Lord Furness—the 'Blast' Furness, as Newcastle calls him; some say—"

"But do you know?" she asked.

"No," I confessed; "but I do know that Mayfair still resounds with the ticking of typewriters, and that if you walk from Hertford Street to Berkeley Square you pass dozens of open windows, each provided with a lady clerk and a machine—"

"Sir Marcus's clerks already?" she asked.

"No," I said, "belated war clerks; and you can imagine his disappointment, as a City man, when they finish clicking and—"

"You are manufacturing conversation—you are clicking yourself," she said. "And it is clear you do not read the papers. Didn't you see that the League of Nations is to fill the little Duchess's place in the big house?"

"That means typewriters, anyway," I said, "and that one of the Cecils will have a mansion to make up for Arlington Street."

"So that will be another Hotel Cecil," she observed. "But I am not going to talk about the League of Nations and typewriters, however much you try. I want to know where Lady Clementine Waring has been. We have all missed her so much. You know her."

"She has been nursing again," I said. "She went straight to her daughter's sick-bed, after curing her convalescent officers."

"With golf, and gramophones, and her pretty frocks?" she asked.

"Mainly the frocks. 'What is Lady Clementine wearing?' was the daily query in Scotland."

"Now tell me more about your joy-rides" she said.

"Well, I went, like some few others, to Spink's to buy the ribbon of my Order. Fortunately, I went in quietly and humbly, meaning to make an impression by my casual manner. I say fortunately, because my pride, if I had shown it, would have received a fall at the hands of the man behind the counter. At first he seemed not to hear my request, but continued packing up a multitude of other ribbons. Then, cutting off a fragment, he said, 'A shilling's-worth of C.B., Sir,' and was quite absent-minded when I held out my half-crown. Then he relented: 'Not a bad ribbon. And the Order itself is pretty. Now, the O.B.E. is a regular prize-packet!'

"I congratulate you," she said.

"Thanks," I responded.

"On not getting the O.B.E!" she continued. "But there's another decoration prettier and more honourable than those you mention, and I am going to pin one on your coat next Wednesday. Will you meet me at three o'clock?"

"What have I done to deserve it?" I asked. "Of course, I'll meet you. And we'll stroll a little before tea."

"No," she answered; "I have other engagements."

"But not at three," I pleaded. "Besides, we must find suitable premises, where my Decorator—"

"And Painter—but I don't!" she retorted.



WINNER OF THE IRISH LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT PORTMARNOCK: MISS JANET JACKSON (THE HOLDER).  
Photograph by C.N.



MISS CECILIA LAWLEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. GEOFFREY DAWSON WAS ARRANGED FOR LAST SATURDAY.  
Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



PRINCESS MARY AT LORD LEVERHULME'S MILITARY HOSPITAL AT HAMPSTEAD: EXAMINING NEEDLEWORK BY WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—[Photograph by C.N.]

"Where my Decorator can do the pinning," I went on.

"No," she said; "I have other engagements at three. My decorations will be more widely scattered than the O.B.E. I will carry them in a tray, and our trysting-place shall be outside the Ritz. Now promise!"

"Hang!" I said. "You mean those roses! Yes, I promise. But you must arrange some other *tête-à-tête* as a reward."

"There are the solitudes of Ascot," she suggested.

"Yes, or of the Meyer-Sassoon dance," I retorted bitterly, "or of Maidenhead on Bank Holiday, or of the buffet at the St. James's Palace Garden Party next week—about as much fun as keeping you company in the seclusion of a *Times* list of wedding guests, or presents!"

But you are wrong;

there is seclusion in London. But I don't want it. How I long to be in Paris, and have a little company, and see pretty dresses—English-women in really pretty dresses," she said, arranging a lace at her bosom. "Everybody is in Paris," she went on, "or everybody was there the other day for the Derby wedding—except Lord Derby, who was unwell.

"And you are wrong about the dances, too," she went on, "now that neighbours are coming to the rescue. Last night, for instance, at Mrs. Cradock's, in Rutland Gate, the house was nearly empty, between times.

"No; they were not all parading under the lamp-posts nor swinging on the Gate—of Rutland," she laughed, in answer to my explanation. "What happened was that Mrs. Holland lent her house next door for sitting out."

"Tell me what nepotism means?" I asked.

"It means an uncle's tips to his nephew; but why?" she replied.

"I thought it wouldn't fit!" I said. "I want exactly the opposite—at least, Lord Beresford does. Have you heard that he is left a thousand a year by a nephew, and that Lord Marcus gets the residue of the same nephew's property, valued at 43,000-odd—or was it 430,000-odd?"

"Odd!" she said.

"Yes; so odd that even the dictionaries are caught napping. The nephew was only twenty-one, and often when a boy he had a pocketful of nepotism, as you call it. Now he has turned the tables."

"Poor uncles!" she sighed.

"I rest from the theatres in Ascot Week," she said; "but last week was nearly all first-nights. At 'The Lost Leader' I saw Lady Constance Malleson, of course, for Miles Malleson was acting. And Mrs. 'Pat' Campbell was there in a box with Eddy Marsh, both having friends in the cast. The eye-glass behaved quite nervously."

"There lies," said I, "the interest of

the first-night. Even if the people on the stage are dull and confident, as if it were a hundredth performance, there is sure to be someone in a box who will give the show away and be nervous."

"Yes," said she, "and you can often find the really leading

lady in the stalls. Even when it is not a first-night. I have known Lady Diana, in lace trousers, get all the opera-glasses fixed on her—all except the husband's—the dutiful husband of the leading lady on the stage."

"And yet," I said, "they are trying to persuade me that first-nights at the 'pictures' are going to be important, too. Impossible; no nerves, either side of the foot-lights; no wireless between a Lady Constance and a Miles."

"Sometimes," she said, "there is romance in films. You know the story of the man who fell in love with a girl he saw in many 'pictures.' But in none of them did her eyes meet his. He determined to get her to look at him—in real life;

to marry her. But first he went again to the 'pictures,' a new film, and she *did* look at him, and smiled. The next day he went to her company, to find her out and claim her. 'Did you know her? She has been ill, very ill; she died yesterday,' said the manager."

"Thank you," I said; "that smile was her 'yes' and 'good-bye.' I like your story better than my small-talk."

"No; the exhibition is closed," she answered, when I asked her if she had said good-bye to Pamela Bianca's drawings at the Leicester Galleries; "and the child herself, and I, are the only people who haven't seen it."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because," she answered, "the child is in Rome, quite content to feed on chocolates and Press notices, and make more drawings."

"And you?" I persisted.

"Because," she replied, "the child is making more drawings, better than the last, and will surely have another exhibition when she is thirteen, or twelve-and-a-half. Besides, I see letters from her, and they are illustrated. But, in any case, I won't go to the Leicester Galleries till she is sixteen, at the least."

"You are like Asquith," I said, "severe on the young."

"No," she said; "you are mistaken. I am not a contemporary; I was not at Balliol with Mr. Asquith! But I was pleased to see he made his little protest against the Futurist poets the other day. He doesn't like them."—"And you know why he said as little as he did?" I put in.

"He has entertained them, he has fed them, and he has bought their books—all because Elizabeth, backed by Eddy Marsh, told him to. He could not very well stamp on them so soon, just because Elizabeth is looking after Antoine instead of her parent."

"Antoine can look after himself," she said; "he needs no coaching in the arts. I would tell you about his African Old Masters—but it is Half-Time!"

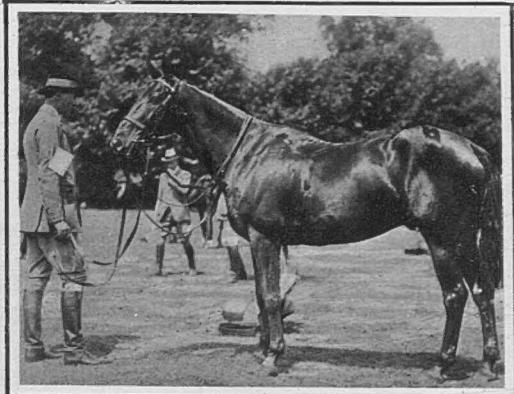
And so I turned to my other neighbour. "I hope you have been paying great attention—" I began. "To you?" she broke in.

But I will not repeat further myself. It would take just two more pages.



AT HURLINGHAM POLO PONY SHOW: MR. W. S. BUCKMASTER ON "MISS ANZAC" (FIRST PRIZE, CHAMPION CLASS).

Photograph by C.N.

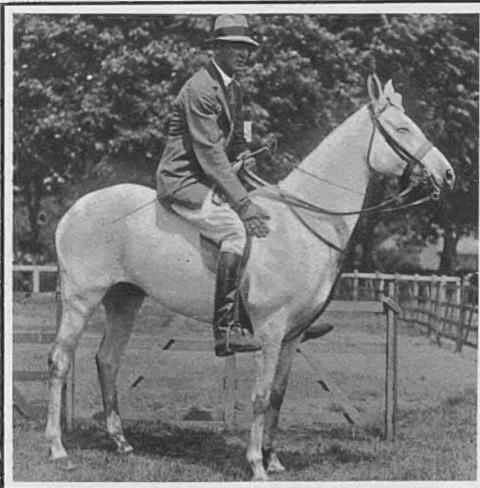


AT HURLINGHAM POLO PONY SHOW: THE EARL OF ROCKSAVAGE IN THE JUDGING-RING WITH "FORWARD BOY" (FIRST PRIZE, PONIES NOT PLAYED BEFORE 1919).

Photograph by Sport and General.

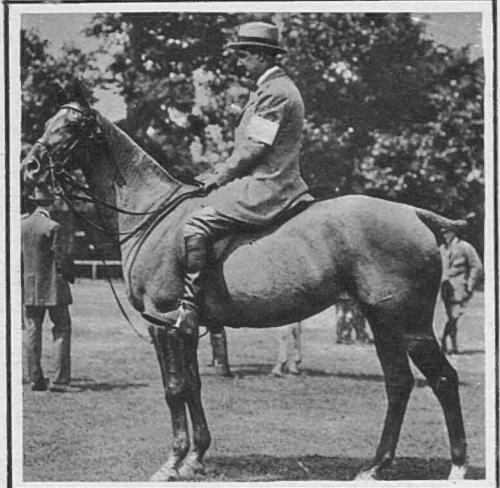


TO BE MARRIED ON JULY 8, AT THE ORATORY: MISS HERMIONE WRIGHT AND MR. RUDOLPH ELWES, M.C., LATE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]



AT HURLINGHAM POLO PONY SHOW: COMMANDER A. W. MCGRATH ON "DARLING" (FIRST PRIZE, HEAVY-WEIGHT).

Photograph by Sport and General.



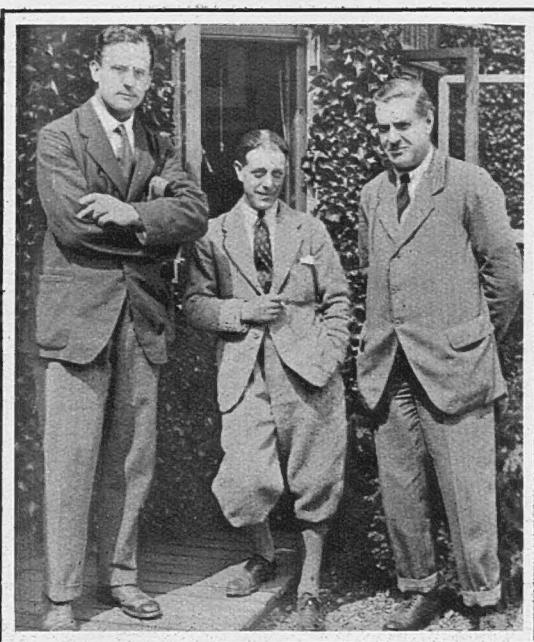
AT HURLINGHAM POLO PONY SHOW: MR. J. B. YOUNG ON "SUNLIGHT" (SECOND PRIZE, HEAVY-WEIGHT).

Photograph by Sport and General.

## THE LINKS OF MATRIMONY—AND GOLF: PICTURES OF TO-DAY.



PLAYED FOR THE COMMONS AGAINST THE LORDS: MRS. OLAF HAMBRO.



DEFEATERS OF THE GAIETY, AT WALTON HEATH: DALY'S TEAM IN THE THEATRE SHIELD.



A WINNER FOR THE LORDS: THE HON. MIRIAM PEASE.



DEFEATERS OF THE LORDS IN THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF MATCH: THE COMMONS TEAM.



DEFEATED BY THE COMMONS: THE LORDS TEAM IN THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF MATCH.



CAPTAINS OF THE TEAMS: LADY RATHCREEDAN (L.) AND LADY ELLIS GRIFFITH.



ON HER WEDDING DAY: LADY VICTORIA BULLOCK AND CAPTAIN BULLOCK.



OPPONENTS: GRACE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS, AND MRS. OLAF HAMBRO.

In the photograph of the Commons team the names (l. to r.) are: (Standing) Mrs. R. Chaplin Snowdon, Mrs. Olaf Hambro; (seated) Mrs. Norman Craig, Lady Ellis Griffith (Captain), Lady Seton-Karr, and Miss Seton-Karr (seated in front); in the Lords team (seated) Grace Countess of Wemyss, Lady Rathcreedan

(Captain), Mariota Countess of Wilton; (standing) Hon. Mrs. Leith, Hon. Mrs. Stuart Holland, and Hon. Miriam Pease. In the group of Daly's team, which beat the Gaiety at Walton Heath, the names are (l. to r.) Messrs. Thorpe Bates, Lauri de Frece, and Leonard Mackay.—[Photographs by S. and G., C.N., D.M., and L.N.A.]

## SOCIETY AT EPSOM: FASHIONS OF THE FEMININE RACE-GOER.



THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.



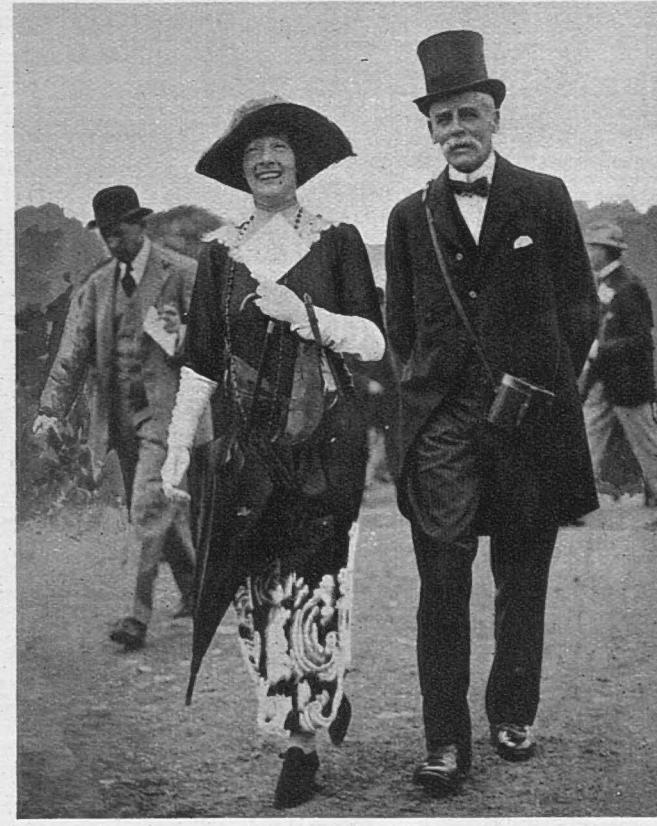
MRS. FORESTER AGER.



THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON.



MRS. GEORGE HARRIS.



THE COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

The Marchioness of Queensberry is a daughter of the late Mr. Richard Bickel, of Cardiff, and widow of the late Mr. Ernest Morgan. Her marriage to Percy Sholto Douglas, Marquess of Queensberry, took place a few months ago, at Westminster Cathedral. The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton is a sister-in-law of the

Earl of Durham. Before her marriage to his brother, the Hon. George Lambton, she was known as Miss Cecily Horner. Her father is Sir John Horner. The Countess Fitzwilliam (formerly known as Lady Maud Dundas) is a daughter of the Marquess of Zetland. She married Earl Fitzwilliam in 1896.



## STRICTLY PERSONAL

### FAMOUS LAWN - TENNIS PLAYERS.—III.

BY BURTON BALDRY.

**I**N the two previous articles on the above subject we dealt, first, with the Australian players at present in this country; and, secondly, with the home players who will attempt to regain some of the laurels of lawn-tennis from our visitors. In the following article we propose to deal briefly with our visitors from France, America, and South Africa. Though these countries are not so well represented as Australia, they have sent over some of their best players.

France will probably be represented by Mr. A. H. Gobert, M.C., and Mr. Max Decugis, both of whom are well known on our courts and are extremely popular. Mr. Gobert, who is only twenty-nine, has had a brilliant lawn-tennis career, having won many championships both in his own country and here. He reached the final of the All-Comers' Singles at Wimbledon in 1912, when he was defeated by Mr. A. W. Gore; and in 1911 he won the Doubles at Wimbledon in partnership with Mr. Decugis. He has held the French National

Championship, and won the Covered Courts Championship in 1911 and 1912, defeating the late Captain A. F. Wilding in the Challenge Round in 1912. At his best—which is, unfortunately, not often—he is one of the first players in the world. He is tall, and has a tremendous reach; he has a fine service, and is often brilliant at the net. He is fast on the court, and has an unerring eye; but, if things are going against him, his temperament is such that he is apt to break down and play a game in no way worthy of his great abilities. It is to be hoped that this year we shall see him at his best, as recently in Paris he outclassed Captain O'Hara Wood after the latter had beaten Mr. G. L. Patterson.

Mr. Decugis, his partner in many a famous match, provides the steadiness so lacking in Mr. Gobert. He never rises to the brilliance of his *confrère*, but his all-round abilities make him a better match-player. He is as fast on the court as Mr. S. N. Doust, and he can retrieve a ball from a seemingly impossible position—and, what is more, make an excellent return. He held the London Covered Courts Championships in 1904 and 1907, and has won other championships too numerous to mention. If he and Mr. Gobert enter for the Doubles, they will be a difficult pair to beat.

It is hoped that Mlle. Lenglen, who won such fame as a brilliant girl player in 1914, will enter the lists. She should provide

some excitement in the other-

wise dull monotony of the Ladies' Championships, though it is

difficult to imagine anyone who can beat Mrs. Lambert Chambers just yet.

Of the Americans who will be visiting this country, Mr. R. N. Williams is the best known. He came to Wimbledon in 1913,

and delighted everyone with his dashing play. He retired in his match against Mr. McLoughlin, and so we did not have a chance to see him at his best. He was, however, runner-up to Mr. McLoughlin in the American Championships in 1913, and he beat the latter and won the Championship in 1914. He again defeated Mr. McLoughlin in the Inter-Collegiate Championship in 1915, and regained the American Championship by defeating Mr. W. M. Johnston in 1916. He has no nerves, and is a splendid all-round player. Possessing a fine service and a variety of ground strokes, he can come up to the net and finish a rally in a most refreshing way. He goes all out for every shot, and for that reason is a most interesting and entertaining player to watch. He has been in France with the U.S. Army, and it is possible that the past few years have increased his stability at the expense of a little of his brilliance.

Captain W. M. Washburn, who appeared in the Covered Courts Championship at Queen's this season, is not very well known on this side. He lacks the usual dash of the majority of the American players, but he plays a sound game, mainly from the base-line. In his game with Major A. H. Lowe he ventured up to the net on occasions, but was driven back, generally with the loss of a point. It is difficult to judge the form of a player on one meeting, but it did not appear that Captain Washburn will reach the standard of Messrs. McLoughlin, Williams, or Johnston, though he is certainly good enough to extend the best players we can put forward.

South Africa, which has yet to produce a really great player, is represented by Mr. Raymond and Mr. Norton. There is a great enthusiasm for the game in that country, but their players have yet to come to the fore. Mr. Raymond is a left-hander who drives hard and places his shots well. He had the satisfaction of beating Mr. Ritchie at Chiswick and annexing the Middlesex Championship against a moderate entry.

Mr. B. I. C. Norton, the other South African, has played enough this year to convince the best critics that he should go far. He plays a dashing game, full of enterprise, and, though there is a certain recklessness about some of his shots, the experience he will gain against some of the best players in the world should prove of great benefit to him.

There is undoubtedly a dearth of young players in this country who at the present time are likely to achieve Championship honours; but the great interest now being taken in lawn-tennis at Oxford and Cambridge—as witness the fact that Cambridge have just produced two pairs capable of beating Mr. Norman Brookes and Commander G. W. Hillyard—gives us hope for the future.

From the size of the crowds attending the early meetings, it looks as though the records of 1913 will be beaten this year. There are many new faces among the entrants for the tournaments, and this will provide an additional interest to those who have the welfare of the game at heart, and wish to see it prosper still more in the future.



GRACEFUL ON THE COURTS AND OFF: MRS. SATTERTHWAITE.

Mrs. Satterthwaite is one of the most graceful among the first-rank women lawn-tennis players. She is always "chic" in her simple white shirts and skirts on the court, and—as the photograph shows—favours a smart simplicity in her style of dressing off the courts.

Photograph by Yevonde.



THE LADY LAWN - TENNIS CHAMPION IN "MUTI": MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS.

Mrs. Lambert Chambers, who remains the undefeated Queen of the Lawn-Tennis Courts, is well known to the public, who usually see her in her "uniform" of sporting white. This photograph shows her in "feminine" muti—all silk attire and pearls.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

## THE WIFE OF THE DERBY WINNER: A WELSH PEERESS.



ONE OF THE 33-TO-1-ERS? LADY GLANELY.

Lady Glanely, whose husband is the lucky owner of "Grand Parade," is a Welshwoman, and before her marriage to Lord Glanely—then Mr. William James Tatem—was Miss Ada Mary Williams. We hope that she was one of the lucky backers of "Grand Parade" at 33 to 1. Lord Glanely received his peerage in 1918, being then a baronet. He is a great power in the

shipping world, and is interested in philanthropy and education, as well as in sport. It is interesting to note that the coat of arms of the family is evolved on sea lines, being supported by a couple of sea-horses, sable, bezantée, gorged with a mercantile crown, and that the Glanely crest is an arm, holding a telescope—a very apt additional detail.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

## SMALL TALK



WHAT to wear at the Royal Garden Parties is proving as disturbing a problem as what to wear at Ascot. The only difference is that mammas of "dinky" débutantes will probably find themselves "let off" more cheaply with the "Royal Party" than with Royal Ascot. The Queen, though always suiting her gown to the occasion, steadfastly sets her face against undue extravagance in dress, and, with prices as they are, not a few women

heaved a sigh of relief when the No Court announcement came out. The "garden party" toilette, however, is a matter round which discussion rages furiously. Some gay young things are insisting on white satin, even if it has no train and needs no feather headdress to complete it, as in the old days. Staider ones talk of "blue chiffon with beige embroideries, and a feather-trimmed hat"; and one woman boldly announced her intention of following the Royal lead at a recent function and appearing in a several-months-old frock. So there's sure to be plenty of variety in the way of dress—a feature that, for all their brilliance, was lacking at the old formal "Courts."



A GUEST OF THE DANISH MINISTER :  
COUNTESS WEDELL.

The Count and Countess Wedell have returned to London from Paris and are staying with the Danish Minister.

Photograph by Lafayette.

but there have been Heneages in Lincolnshire since one Sir Robert de Heneage was witness, with several others, to a grant of land made to certain monks in the reign of William Rufus, and even then the family was not of mushroom growth. Heneages have served their country in different ways all through history, and the present head of the clan is no exception. Lord Heneage, who has represented Grimsby, has done a great deal for the agricultural and fishing industries, and was an outspoken champion of the married men and their grievances in connection with the "Derby scheme" during the war. His view that every woman should work was borne out by his family; at one time an invalid daughter acted as under-gardener, one worked at the War Office, another packed parcels for the Front, and the fourth worked as a nurse. Not a bad record.

A Concert to  
be Attended.

Royalty and the leaders of the artistic professions are not too busy in the welter of peace festivities and fun to give their patronage and their services for a war-memorial cause; so it is to be hoped that the general public will support this lead from Court and stage, and will hurry off to buy tickets for the Zeebrugge

Memorial Fund Concert, which takes place at the Royal Automobile Club on June 26. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll has announced her intention of attending. The attractions of the affair will be varied, and constitute a good guinea's-worth—especially in these days of the depreciation of currency. Fancy the opportunity of getting a concert with M. Vladimir Rosing, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Miss Irene Scharrer, Miss Margaret Cooper, Miss Madge Saunders, Mr. Emil Doeberd, M. Désiré Defauw (of the Belgian Quartet), and other first-rank artists in the programme; tea thrown in; and a lecture on the story of Zeebrugge, from Lieutenant-Commander Collingwood Hughes, combined with a "movie" show illustrating the Mole as it is to-day, with the achievements of the *Vindictive* and the sunken block-ships! Tickets for this twenty-one shillings' worth of amusement, instruction, and enjoyment may be obtained from the Ticket Secretary, Zeebrugge Memorial Fund, 35, Albemarle Street, S.W.1.



A COMING DÉBUTANTE : THE HON. OLIVE CAMPBELL.

The Hon. Olive Campbell is the only daughter of Lord Blythswood, and of Lady Blythswood, who, before her marriage, was Miss Evelyn Fletcher, daughter of the late Mr. John Fletcher, of Saltoun Hall, Haddingtonshire.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

*Hard to Say.* Few names in the Peerage have proved a greater stumbling-block to the unwary than Magheramorne, the title borne by the late father of the Hon. Norah McGarel Hogg, now Mrs. Julian Groves, one of the Whitsuntide bevy of brides. Since "Debrett" considerably added instructions in pronunciation to the other interesting facts contained in the impressive red-and-gold volume bearing his name things have been easier; but there is a story of a butler who, on being given the name of the first holder of the title, and failing to grasp it, after a few seconds gave up in despair, announcing the visitor blandly as Lord "Magabones."

*Another Victim.* Lord Harrington has succumbed to the estate-selling mania now attacking distinguished members of the Peerage. Apparently, however, the Earl intends to keep Harrington House, which means that at least one old tree is preserved for London. The tall tree in the diminutive patch of ground which is all that Harrington House, near Charing Cross, boasts in the way of garden was regarded by the late Earl in the light of a family heirloom. When the ground was taken over for Government huts, this historic tree was carefully boarded in, and thus effectively kept from all harm.



SUCCESSOR TO THE TITLE OF A GREAT OIL EXPERT : SIR THOMAS BOVERTON REDWOOD; AND HIS SISTER.

The late Sir Thomas Boerton Redwood, the famous oil expert, is succeeded in the title by his grandson, Sir Thomas Boerton Redwood, who is seen here with his little sister, Miss Peggy Redwood.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.



A COMING DÉBUTANTE :  
MISS MOLLY LASCELLES.

Miss Lascelles is the daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O. Her mother, Lady Lascelles, was, before her marriage, Miss Mary Olliffe, a daughter of the late S. J. F. Olliffe, M.D., Physician to the British Embassy, Paris.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

## AN AMERICAN-IRISH ENGAGEMENT—OF ROMANCE, NOT POLITICS.



To be Married in July: Miss Helena Philae Maxwell.

Miss Helena Philae Maxwell's engagement to Lieutenant Clifford Carver, U.S.N.R.F., is one of the first matches of social interest, in which the bride comes from this side of the Atlantic, and the groom from the other. Miss Maxwell is the daughter of General Sir John Grenfell Maxwell, a distinguished soldier who has seen active service in South Africa, in the Boer War; and in France,

Egypt—and Ireland—in the present war, for he was C.-in-C. of troops in the Isle of Unrest in 1916. Lady Maxwell is the daughter of Mr. C. W. Bonyng; and Miss Helena Philae Maxwell, who is soon to be carried off to America by Mr. Clifford Carver, son of Amos Carver, of Locust Valley, Long Island, New York, is an only child.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



WHY, little brothers, oh, why should the ladies have it all their own way? No, I don't mean in the matter of being paid for when they are taken out. Nor yet in the other matter of having seats given up to them in public conveyances licensed to carry thirty-six passengers—sixteen inside and twenty outside, and generally wearing about seventy-two people hanging in bunches from the picture-rails—not counting the quiet couples who prefer to sit it out on the stairs outside. Not at all. It is something far more serious than that. Why on earth should dozens of accomplished young persons devote their busy lives and wear their fountain pens to the bone writing about the *crêpe-de-Chine*, the georgette, the ninon, the *peau de soie*, the—in a word, gentlemen, the clothing (ironical cheers) of ladies, when not a soul, not so much as a sub-editor, puts pen to paper in honour of your own equally sumptuous and far more important furnishings? Why? And why not? Very well, then. Here Goes.

Why do so many pretty gentlemen wear white top hats at the present season of the year? As if the warm weather wasn't hard enough to put up with unassisted by this additional horror. One bears no malice to the hat trade, a long-suffering industry, and one tolerably broad-minded in the vital matter of deferred payments for goods supplied and account rendered. But one could wish that it would reap its summer harvest from a less distressing crop. The White Top Hat (this is a lecture: I shall be drawing things on the black-board in a minute) is an unpleasant phenomenon, formerly, and in happier days, uncommon in the streets of London (Eng., not Ont.), and largely confined to retired Admirals, Mr. Stephen McKenna, and other fancy-dress performers in the masque of life. It went well with the blotting-paper pink complexions of the elderly mariners; and it lent to the austere outline of Mr. McKenna that one touch of lightness which was needed to cheer up the pelicans in St. James's Park on the occasion of his peregrinations between the Reform Club and the War Trade Intelligence Department (now, alas! deceased), and to convince them that in him they beheld One of the Most Serious of Our Younger Novelists. But now the detestable things blossom at every street-corner where men stand with race-glasses and wait trustfully for taxis in the vague hope that a passing driver may have one of his own horses running in the two-thirty and be sufficiently interested in its performance to consent (for five times the proper fare) to drive down with him and see the race. Mr. Graves would infallibly have told

us that the wearers of white top hats are Nasty Men. There is no need to wear them, anyway. So why do it?

And why do we all, in this wonderful renascence of everything in which we live, pretend so vigorously to take strong and passionate interests in things in which we feel no interest whatever? The dancing revival is probably a genuine thing, a natural piece of resilience due to the sad fact that nobody has been able to dance for five years or so. The operatic revival may or may not be sincere, and due to a passion for music rather than to a taste for tiaras. But there can be no doubt whatever that the apparently passionate revival of racing is not genuine. One does not mean on the part of real racing people. They have, naturally, returned to their muttons, or whatever the animals are called, with heartfelt enthusiasm: it is their job and their hobby and their recreation, and they naturally resume an interrupted pastime or profession with a considerable whoop of satisfaction. But on the part of the bulk of the population there is no such kick behind the *Drang nach the races*. They never crowded to them so much before, and one fears that when once the splendid holiday, *après la guerre* feeling has evaporated, they will not crowd to them so much again.



THE CAVALRY CORPS' POLO VICTORY: GENERAL JOHN VAUGHAN SHOWING THE WAR CUP.

Brigadier-General John Vaughan's Cavalry Corps team won the Final Tie of the Ranelagh War Cup Polo Tournament after a fast and keenly contested game against the 2nd Life Guards. The cup was presented to the winning team by Queen Alexandra. The General plays a dashing game, and it is interesting to remember that as far back as 20 years ago he captained the 7th Hussars' team which won the Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup.

Photograph by L.N.A.



LORD DERBY'S DAUGHTER MARRIES: THE BRIDE AND GROOM ON THEIR WAY TO THE CIVIL CEREMONY.

Lord Derby's only daughter, who was married in Paris, last week, to Captain Malcolm Bullock, Scots Guards, is the widow of the Hon. Neil Primrose, who died of wounds in 1917. Lord Derby was not able to come to the wedding, which took place at the British Embassy Church, as he was indisposed. The photograph shows, reading from left to right, one of the witnesses at the Civil Ceremony, Captain Bullock, Lady Victoria Bullock, and Captain Viscount Doune, M.C., eldest son of the Earl of Moray. [Photograph by C.N.]

Fairs. It has ceased to be much fun for anybody; and when the roads are all up, as they will be very soon, it will be impossible to dive under a motor-omnibus to escape them. So, why, oh, why?

Y. was a yeoman who mounted a horse—excuse me, I mean, why do the people who ride on Sunday mornings look so dreadfully like the people who ride on Sunday mornings? You must have noticed them on your way down to the really distinguished angle of London's Largest Lung, where the people who got up early to make sure of chairs sit and watch you panting for a seat. That cap, those feet, that set expression are horribly Sabbatical. The male cavalier is nearly always what Mr. G. K. Chesterton would call the Man who was Sunday. And his lady when she rides astride rides so much more astride than people on weekdays. Why is it?

And why, gentle reader, don't you write to your local Member of Parliament and get something done about the survival of the flag-day habit? There was an excuse for it, there was almost a case for it when the sudden and bitter needs of war charities coincided with the laudable passion of large portions of the feminine population for hanging about the streets and stabbing strange gentlemen in the top corner of the overcoat. But now we ought really to have outgrown it, and they might just as well revert to Bazaars and Fancy

## FIFTH-GEORGIANS IN EARLY GEORGIAN STYLE.



PEGGY of the NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB  
taken from LIFE. *M<sup>r</sup> Bettinson*

AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB: II.—MR. BETTINSON.

Mr. "Peggy" Bettinson—it seems unnecessary to tell anyone—is the Manager of the National Sporting Club, the home of so much first-class boxing. Our picture, like the one published last

week, is from a hand-coloured etching by George Belcher, printed and published by him at 6, William Street, Knightsbridge. We shall continue the series next week.

*From the Etching by George Belcher.*



By PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

FUNNY, isn't it, that at the time of year when one's thoughts turn to cool spots—riverwards, shorewards, or the heart of the country—we should be dancing as energetically as ever?

Just a sign of the times, of course. Though it must be admitted that we dance in sylvan or seashore spots quite as much as, if not more than, we do in London. The river has its Dance Clubs, from the one at Hampton Court—once Garrick's residence, with grass stretching to the river bank, managed (the club, I mean) by clever Miss Harding, of Empress. Rooms fame—to Murray's and the Guards' Club at Maidenhead.

Seaside towns are following on with a vengeance; and after the wonderful ball-room at the Queen's, Margate, within a stone's-throw of the sea, comes a new ball-room at Brighton, under the Parade.

Here, in the moonlight and starlight, to say nothing of electric light, the dance fiend may perform actually on the edge of the beach. One jazzes, here, with the waves almost lapping against one's ankles—more or less. It is a cool, joyous spot, and the band is wonderful. All Brighton—which means all London—may be seen there; and it was in this ball-room that Sir Walter and Lady (Vesta Tilley) de Freece received the congratulations of innumerable friends.

In Blackpool, on Whit Monday, a record-breaking crowd thronged the huge ball-room, and, in spite of the heat, seemed willing to dance till the soles of their shoes wore through. Which proves, all of it, that dancing is such fine exercise for those in good condition that it can be indulged in on the hottest day without any ill-effects.

Learned men—Deans and Bishops, and others full of wisdom—have been proving in print that dancing is good for health; and argue that parents who are now benefiting physically by the dancing craze should give their children the same healthy exercise by making them dance at least *once a day*, instead of merely once a week at some crowded dancing class. I certainly agree: dancing, which brings health, a clear skin, and a good circulation, should be as much an essential part of a child's education as arithmetic, or history, or map-scratching.

Why not, especially in the summer, see that lessons for the kiddies are preceded by a little dancing? They would start the day's work healthier and happier.

It was only last week, while motoring through a country village, that I saw a sight full of delight—this is not meant for poetry. As the car passed by the village green, I noticed the door of the schoolroom open, and out came a string of small girls and boys.

The girls wore cotton frocks and sun-bonnets; the boys, simple smocks and rush hats. As they came out, singing, they waved gay-coloured handkerchiefs, and the bells round their ankles and wrists jingled merrily. Something about "Mowing the Barley" was the burden of their song.

On they went, across the road, over to the green, where they

proceeded to line up, still singing. And then they danced, solemnly but happily, through the figures of an old-time Morris Dance—typical English village children, doing the dances of their own country. I had a momentary vision of the bare-shouldered, short-skirted women who flaunt round heated ball-rooms, doing the dances of negroes and Southern Dance Halls—and I wondered . . .

Asking the school-mistress, I found that in this particular village there is a strong revival of old English Morris Dancing and Folk-Songs. Why can't we introduce it into all our schools? Even in London slums most schools have yards as playgrounds—and here the children could dance, if once the idea got properly started. Cotton handkerchiefs are cheap, and all children love bells on their fingers—which makes the whole thing a part of play-time, not of work-hours:

We are supposed to be nearly through the London Season. Ascot is here, Whitsun is past, holidays have started—and yet some of the world's finest dancers are captivating crowded audiences in London. Shall we ever let the Russians leave us? Surely not, now they have proved, through their season at the Alhambra, that they can fill a programme, and a huge theatre, all by themselves.

The coming of Karsavina gave an extra lift to a season that was already booming. Her welcome was almost hysterical in its fervour; and as for her art, she proves herself once again surely the finest and most versatile of all artists? In "Les Sylphides," in "Carnaval," in "Petrovshka," in "Scheherazade," her work seems, if possible, finer than before. And the new ballet, "La Boutique Fantasque"—a piece of sheer comedy and delight—ranks as a triumph for Leonide Massine, the producer, for Lydia Lopokova, and for the entire crowd working as one harmonious whole. It will rival "Good-Humoured Ladies" in popularity, and should remain in the bill till this amazing season closes. And where will the ballet go then? Not out of London—if London is wise.

Private dances are just as numerous as ever, and hostesses giving a ball are certain of success. By the way, how have we ever tolerated such a hateful habit as the cigarette-smoking now indulged in by certain Society girls *while they are dancing*? If women must smoke, surely between dances is enough? The other habit is hateful—and utterly unnecessary.

After a record season for public balls things are slackening a little; but there is still the Dramatic Ball, given by the Playgoers' Club to-morrow (Wednesday), and, much later on—July 17, to be precise—the fascinating Garden Ball for theatrical charities. This takes place in the Botanical Gardens, and we are promised many delightful surprises when we go forth to dance beneath the stars—weather permitting. After all the stage has done for other charities, it is to be hoped every keen dancer will support their effort to help their own special funds.



A FAMOUS SWEDISH DANCER AT THE COLISEUM: MLE. JENNY HASSELQUIST, OF THE ROYAL OPERA, STOCKHOLM.

Photograph by Goodwin.

## BARKIS IS UNWILLIN': A DIP-LOMATIC REFUSAL.



WITH FOAM-BORN WINGS: THE MIRTH OF VENUS; AND A DOG WHO DID NOT TAKE KINDLY TO THE WATER.

This little seaside comedy tells its own story; but one point in the picture needs a comment. It will be seen that Father Neptune has thrown up behind the shoulders of the nymph what looks like a pair of fairy wings of foam.

## GREEK DANCING DRESS AS BATHING COSTUME



BEAUTY AND THE BEACH: TWO WAYS OF TAKING THE WATER

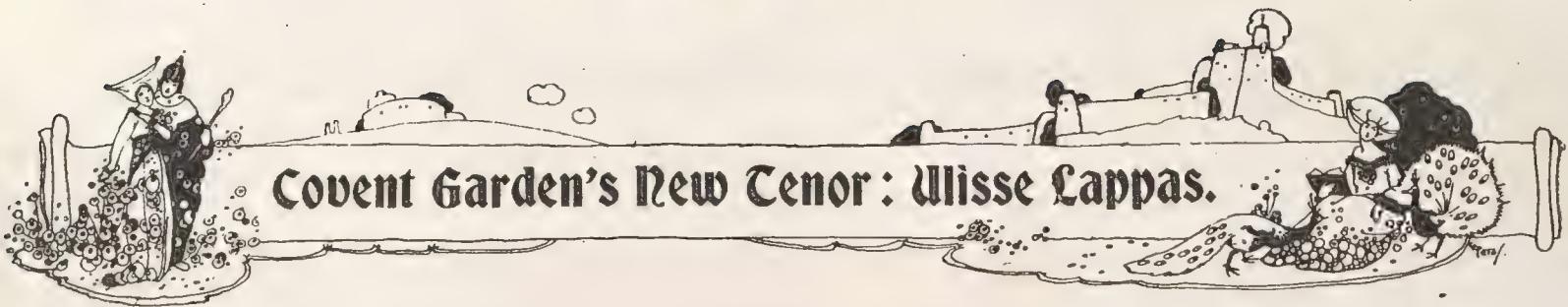
Tastes vary both in bathing dresses and in bathing methods. Here we have the reposeful and the strenuous in marked contrast. The lady of the left may make a very efficient bathing-dress, allowing, u

## NIJINSKY LEAPS BESIDE THE SUMMER SEA.



### WATER—THE REPOSEFUL PADDLE AND THE FLYING LEAP.

the Nijinsky leap, by the way, is Miss Melita Dolores, and, incidentally, she shows that a costume in the style of a classical Greek dancer like some others, plenty of freedom for the limbs.



TO many lovers of opera, the advent at Covent Garden, and the instant success, of Ulisse Lappas, a new tenor of remarkable quality, came as a surprise. It is not customary for the managers of theatrical ventures to leave unheralded unusual talent, especially if this talent be fresh to their public; yet where was the preliminary flourish of trumpets to announce the arrival of Ulisse Lappas?

In this case, the Covent Garden habitués were left to form their own judgment, and their verdict, unaided by advertisement or by comments of the critics, was unanimous. Even those who consider it *chic* to say that there is no one who can follow Caruso have been forced to give praise to the new Greek tenor, whose acting and fine voice have moved his audiences to extreme enthusiasm; and it says much for the modesty of the directorate and the reticence of the musical critics that the enthusiasm has been reserved for his hearers and not for the Press.

As an instance of this unparalleled modesty, Ulisse Lappas, when he sang for the first time in "Pagliacci," in Caruso's old part, roused his audience to the greatest pitch of admiration, and was called before the curtain more than a dozen times, each time being met with frantic applause. And yet a searching perusal of pages wherein appear the careful comments of the Great Elect failed to lay bare more than the merest reference—where reference was made at all—to a really remarkable performance, both histrionic and musical. It was left to the poor British public, who are not supposed to dare to take the lead or to hold opinions not already formed for them by the great arbiters of Opera reputations, to give the *cachet* of appreciation to one of the finest tenors who have appeared at Covent Garden during the past years.

That this *cachet* of appreciation has been given is evident from the fact that the appearance of Ulisse Lappas's name in the cast of an opera is sufficient to fill the opera-house.

If the opera-goers are right, why has Ulisse Lappas not received his meed of praise from those who are supposed to be omniscient in the musical world? If they are not, how is it that in Italy, Spain, Monte Carlo, France—in fact, all musical centres where he has appeared—Ulisse Lappas is universally known as a tenor with a splendid present and a future certain to be remarkable?

It is a fact that at Monte Carlo, where Lappas sang before his arrival in England, it was the ordinary thing for this young singer to have showered upon him bouquets and valuable presents of every sort, and his every appearance was followed by scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm.

Lappas, a pure Greek by origin, was born in Alexandria, in 1899, and there he was educated. He showed great musical talent from

childhood, and, when twenty years old, he decided to take up a musical career. He proceeded to Milan to study singing, and was trained by Maestro Mandolini and by Podesti, making his début in 1914 at the Teatro Dal Verme, in Milan, in "La Gioconda," by Ponchielli. He had an instantaneous success. From that moment he has never looked back. In the succeeding years he has sung at all the leading opera-houses in Italy, including La Scala at Milan, where the audience is more critical than in any opera-house in the world, and it is to this varied experience, as also to the fact that his répertoire includes as many as fifteen different tenor rôles, that he owes the finish of his acting and operatic methods.

An actor of temperament, Lappas is much influenced by the character he is portraying, and invariably gives his own interpretation to it. This does not always meet with the approval of the more conservative of his audience, though it undoubtedly enhances the value of his representation. Thus, in "Madama Butterfly," Lappas is obviously affected by the unsympathetic nature of the rôle of Pinkerton, who so heartlessly deserts his Japanese wife for a Western one. His impersonation of the American naval officer is more attractive than that of Caruso, who always appeared to be bursting out of his white uniform, though I fancy that the American Navy would have something to say as to the clipping of his somewhat flowing locks; still, the lack of sympathy shown by Lappas for Pinkerton is brought out in his acting, though his singing, as always, is easy and beautiful. It is not so in his acting as Canio in "Pagliacci," where Lappas's histrionic talents are brought out to the utmost degree; nor as Cavaradossi, in "La Tosca"; nor as Radames, in "Aïda"—the parts with which he is most familiar to British audiences. In these rôles he shows of what he is capable.

Passion, grief, tenderness, jealousy, are all portrayed with unerring skill, because in each case he has entered into the character's heart and soul.

In the other parts for which he is famous on the Continent—among which are André Chenier, in the opera of that name, which has not been seen for some years at Covent Garden; Johnson, in "The Girl of the Golden West," one of the few operas by Puccini which has not become a favourite in London; and Don José, in "Carmen"—he has sung in various parts of Europe, and has aroused the greatest enthusiasm in the most critical of audiences. To his former conquests he must now add that of the British opera-lovers. It will delight many to know that he has no intention of being dragged away from his European admirers by that octopus, the United States, which has already seized in its tentacles so many of our old favourites—at least, not yet.



UNHERALDED; YET A GREAT SUCCESS AT COVENT GARDEN: ULLISSE LAPPAS.

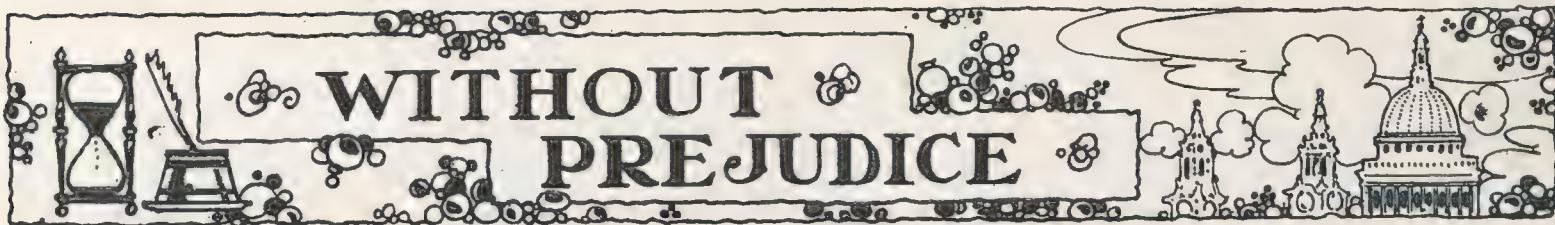
## NO LONGER GREEK TO LONDON: A GREAT ARTIST.



Covent Garden's New Tenor: M. Ulisse Lappas—as Canio in "Pagliacci."

M. Ulisse Lappas, who is the only Greek singer to-day in the operatic world, is well known on the Continent, and has sung at Monte Carlo, Lyons, and at all the most important opera houses in Italy. The great British Public, however, did not

know him till he made his London début as Canio in "Pagliacci"; but his splendid musical and dramatic gifts made an instant appeal, and Covent Garden Opera House has been the scene of great triumph for the Greek "star."



ONE'S dramatic notes on the passing shows are inevitably almost entirely confined to musical notes in these days—and nights. Because we are just now (and aren't we just, you others?) *en pleine renaissance* of the Opera and in full cry after the scudding tenor as he goes to earth opposite Bow Street Police Station. The queue of distinguished traffic sticks out into Long Acre of an evening, and gets entangled with the procession of late callers at the *John Bull* offices on their way to lay the grievances of the English-speaking race on the knees of Mr. Bottomley; whilst its front end empties the great, the good, and the beautiful—not wholly unaccompanied by the ordinary and the merely musical—into the red rep opera-house which is at the moment the brightest jewel in King George's crown.

The triumphant return of Destinnova (or whatever the suffix is which the lady has selected to emphasise her nationalist sympathies and to disguise the pre-war Emmy Destinn) serves to illustrate the large and violent part which music is coming to play in politics or politics is coming to play in music. Whilst Paderewski re-constitutes the Republic of Poland to an accompaniment of small-arms ammunition, London rings with the Czechoslovak Festival, whose foremost glory is Destinnova. There is no truth in the report that Caruso has landed in Fiume with a small but picked force of baritones; and suggestions as to the approaching solution of the Irish question by Mr. Tom Burke are entirely without foundation. But Lord Howard de Walden may yet raise in the House of Lords the standard of an All-British Opera Party; whilst Sir Thomas Beecham marches the Federation of Discharged Contraltos and Soprani on St. Stephen's. Nothing like bringing the arts in contact with real life, is there?

Someone with lots of leisure and a great deal of loose money for the purchase of tickets might do very many less interesting things than compile a great work on the Comparative Popularity of Operas. You see an entirely different crowd—barring the regulars—for each different opera, and the distinctions are mildly entertaining. "Butterfly," to take the obviously first first, is pre-eminently the millionaires' evening out. You may see a row of stalls whose collective pass-books would turn a War Savings Association green with envy applying their costly handkerchiefs to their expensively preserved eyes at the sad story of the trustful Oriental and the wicked tar. It probably gathered up this queer association from its early days in New York. When once the world got wind of the fact that Standard Oil, wheat, lumber, and pork had been seen weeping like little children at the Metropolitan, coal and iron in London, and steel and potash in Berlin, felt it their duty to go and do

likewise. But all is not millionaires that glitters in the seats opposite to Pinkerton and Suzuki, because it is also the Maidens' Dream and Young Girls' Lachrymator. And why not?

Next in the list, and especially feminine in her clientèle, is the pulmonary Mimi. "Bohème," with its delicate study of the progress of an illness, is delightfully early Victorian, and is therefore a trifle *démodé* for the older generation, who are always so anxiously up to date. But the young, who like a Good Cry, love it, because we are all early Victorian inside. Who doesn't weep over the hopeless passion of an ailing young woman in the snow? When and where aren't we unutterably thrilled by the romantic spectacle of an eerie ruined tower, an owl or so, and the moon seen fitfully through a scudding drift of clouds? Because, you know, if the truth is to get out, all of us are really romantics of the worst and most old-fashioned type. That is why we all sob at Mimi and disapprove sternly of Musette; and that is why the "House Full" boards are kept permanently attached to the bills of "Bohème." Because romance, as Miss Doris Keane has already discovered, pays.

But there is one large and deeply regretted omission in the Bow Street calendar of operatic crimes, murders, desertions, galloping consumptions, and suicides. Where is, and why isn't there, a "Carmen"? It is always—whatever Pucciniacs, Donizettians, and Meyerbeer-drinkers may say—the most popular opera on British Territory. These new-fangled dagoes, whether French or Italian, may be good enough for the Hupper Suckles; the woolly headed Huns of the most modern type will do all right for Serious Musical people; the dear, jigging Rossini may serve to keep



VICE DELYSIA, ON HOLIDAY: MISS TEDDIE GERARD IN "AS YOU WERE," AT THE PAVILION.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

the old gentlemen quiet in their stalls, and Verdi is the solace of their declining years; solemn maiden ladies may emerge from "Tristan" resolved to be better girls in future, and the Ring may rotate nightly before crowds of entranced cognoscenti. But the Great Heart of the People beats with the neglected Micaela and the down-trodden José wherever the meteor flag of England waves over a box-office and a couple of footlights: selections from it were probably the most popular feature in the répertoire of that distressing touring orchestra from which Mr. Joseph Conrad victoriously rescued Miss Marie Löhr whenever it set foot in the Straits Settlements. So where is it? *En attendant*, there was a good pull-up for Carmen on the Hammersmith Road at the temporarily operatic King's Theatre. But we must have it in Bow Street, or there will be trouble in the boxes and unrest among the upper classes.

## AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW: NEPHEWS OF "LADY PAT."



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4



5

1. "THE CAR IS HANDY TO RUN DOWN TO THE COURSE."
2. "I AM PUNCTILIOUS IN ADDRESSING THE BALL."
3. "WE DON'T BELIEVE IN ENLARGING THE HOLES; IN FACT, WE CAN DO WITHOUT THEM ALTOGETHER."

The young Earl of Macduff and the curly-headed Hon. Simon Ramsay often enjoy a game of golf in the Park. The Earl is the son of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and "own" nephew, therefore, to Lady Patricia Ramsay. The Hon. Simon

4. "FORE! I WISH THAT MAN IN FRONT WAS A BIT QUICKER IN GETTING ROUND (DRIVE ON, MACDUFF!)."
5. "AFTER THE GAME A QUIET HALF-HOUR WITH A BOOK IS RATHER RESTFUL."

Ramsay is her nephew by marriage. He is the younger son of the Earl and Countess of Dalhousie, and nephew of Commander Ramsay, Lord Dalhousie's brother. Both boys were born in the first year of the war, and both took part in Lady Patricia's wedding.



## FOR ROOFLESS REVELLERS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*)

**Q.** DARE not claim that it is just to comply with my request or fall in with my suggestion, but the fact remains (though I say it, as you say in English) that you or I need no longer starve for our breakfast after the ball. What ball? Why, the Albert Hall balls, of course. As you may have heard, the Hyde Park Hotel is now opening its portals to roofless revellers in the dismal dawn, and actually provides a blessed breakfast (this qualificative is really heart-felt, and not merely due to alliteration) to the footsore, dusty, thirsty, famished late birds (or early, to please the proverb). Let us hope that the Royal Palace, the Vere Hotel, and the Knightsbridge will follow suit.

Some snobs will tell me that one does not live, especially during the season, further than three miles from Piccadilly, to which I will answer that one, or even more than one—in fact, legions—not only live, but live happily, without the walls of London Town. Ask rather the riverside landlords!

I can foresee a still greater convenience when the organising geniuses who transform the domed space of the Albert Hall into a one-night paradise will hit upon the plan of providing rooms and cubicles in the building itself for the use of sleepy suburbanites. Hammocks, divans, or easy chairs would do in which to have forty winks until five should strike at the village belfry—otherwise Brompton Road Oratory. I strongly commend the idea.

The ultra-civilised splendour of the Savage Ball will be a thing to inscribe and describe in the annals of that most original of clubs, apropos of which I received the following amusing letter.

I had asked my amiable readers to tell me all about Savages—whether a poor, puzzled foreigner could safely venture into their midst. I had asked all sorts of details on Savages in general, and the Adelphi ones in particular. When was a savage a savage? When and how was a savage gentle? How did they dress—or did they? Whether they were vegetarians or cannibals? Here is the answer—

**CHÈRE PHRYNETTE**,—One of the hardest things in this world of ours is writing a letter to an unknown (albeit far from unread) 'literary gent'—or, as in this case, 'literary lady' (which reads even better, being alliterative). You see, one feels instinctively that for a subaltern to write to one such as you must be without introducing a slangy, happy-warrior, magnum-of-fizz, Savoy-grill sort of atmosphere is as bad as wearing a frock-coat and brown boots or saluting a 'second loot' who's on the Staff, just because he is using up a little of the War Office's surplus of red tape to decorate his hat with. (Heavens, I've ended with a preposition, and to a literary high-brow, too. I need hardly say I mean 'with which to decorate his hat.')

"But, to 'cut the cackle and come to the 'osses,' as Theodore Watts-Dunton used to say, you ask for information about the origin of the name 'Savage' in relation to the Savage Club.

"Although not an actual member myself, I am an honorary member, as sons of members on active service (the sons, not the members, of course) can become members. And as my dear poppa is a member (quoth he, waxing confidential), although his only

claim to notoriety lieth in the fact that—" (Here I cut short the quotation, as I do not think that one should be confidential at the expense of one's poppa. It might make him quite savage!)

"As far as I can learn, the club, situated as it is in that quiet backwater, Adelphi Terrace, and overlooking the glorious Thames where Cleopatra's Needle (all this gives me the needle too, M. T.-C.)—The club was the first, and still is, the only really truly Bohemian club of its kind in town. No member is ever introduced to other members on joining; no women are allowed to be present at the weekly house-dinner; the members never dress for dinner; and the usual blessings of civilisation are ruthlessly ignored, for members are elected for their own talents and not for their shekels, and it has been proved that it is easier for a camel (or an elephant, for that matter) to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for one of the 'proud and 'aughty' to get elected by the timely 'gift' of a few thousand to buy a new tom-tom or something—so that's that!

Having got through with that, a little pleasant small-talk and then *au revoir*.

"I think Gladys Peto 'gets there' in her 'Phrynette' illustrations every time—quite as happy a combination as Lewis Carroll and Tenniel.

"Here's to Peace and Plenty—I can hear you murmur 'Jazz-so' (visions of George R. Sims!). Thine very sincerely,

"A YOUNG SAVAGE."

The Aeolian Hall was filled with a thrilled and awed audience the other day, when the "Budokwai," under the presidency of Mr. Gerald Ames, gave a display of Japanese combative arts. Our methods of duelling are indeed very tame affairs compared with that of the Japanese. Whereas our opponents preserve a silence as cold as their rapiers, the Samurais shriek, shout, and snarl at each other in a most diabolical and blood-curdling manner.

I particularly enjoyed the sublime struggle between Sword and—Saucepans-lids! This is the origin of it. A celebrated teacher and renowned exponent of all the belligerent arts in Japan had many ambitious pupils, who, however, never could, in their contests with the professor, get the better of him. So that one day the master said to his pupils that he gave them full permission to attack him at any time or place, whether armed or not, prepared or not, trusting to his trained instinct to help him against surprise attacks. So one day one of his pupils came upon the master as the latter was in his house pleasantly engaged in cooking something savoury for his breakfast. History does not say whether it was stewed eels or bamboo-shoots; but, whatever it was, the gourmet professor was attacked with a sword while he had in his hand merely the lid of a saucpan! A home-like if not Homeric fight ensued, in which the professor was the victor.



"When is a savage gentle?"



"Breakfast after the Ball."

## A RAJAH'S SISTER-IN-LAW — AND DAUGHTER.



*Wife of the Tuan Muda of Sarawak: Mrs. Bertram Brooke; and Jean.*

Mrs. Bertram Brooke is the wife of H.H. the Tuan Muda of Sarawak, the elder of the brothers of Charles Vyner Brooke, H.H. the Rajah of Sarawak. She is the only daughter of the late Sir Walter Palmér, first Baronet. Here she is seen in the photograph with her eldest daughter, Jean, who is a good musician.

When the Rajah and Raneé of Sarawak succeeded, and his Highness was proclaimed Rajah in his capital, Captain Bertram Brooke, Tuan Muda of Sarawak (the heir-presumptive) carried the Sword of Honour at the picturesque ceremony, which took place in August 1918.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



## THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



THE fact that Cupid is represented as a very childish person is not, perhaps, without a certain significance; and, before the higher education and emancipation of womankind is carried too far, it might be well if some reliable student enlightened us with a book on the Loves of the Learned.

Starr Wood's anthology, "Woman," is intended for cheerful people who like to go where the laughs are; but every now and then he throws in a sop for the serious-minded, such as this pessimistic opinion from Olive Schreiner: "Culture, and equality to man in woman, destroys love. When man and woman are equals, they will love no more. Your highly cultured women will not be lovable, will not love."

Of what intelligence and culture may make of a girl and a woman in that respect you have an example in Miss Sinclair's brilliantly clever novel,

"Mary Oliver." It is a subtle and extraordinarily interesting study of childhood, girlhood, womanhood; but, though several who knew her found Mary lovable, I don't think it is her lovable ness that is brought home to the reader. In her juvenile religious doubts she is as priggish as the little Lucys of the old stories for children were in their intolerable piety. And all along, till she arrives at mature years and is able to quote in Greek and German, and to translate Euripides, though she muses on the mystery of love and has lovers, she seems incapable of passion.

She thrills to the kiss of Jimmy Ponsonby; but when he goes, and never comes again, she makes no grievance of it. She loves, in her way, the impassioned Maurice Jourdain; but when, after her family has for a long while kept him at a distance, he sees her again and is disillusioned, she accepts his defection unperturbed. Not until the comparatively elderly Sutcliffe has departed out of the book does she realise that he had been in love with her; and, though she loves Richard Nicholson, she refused to marry him because she was determined not to leave her mother; and when, a fortnight before her mother died, Richard, a kindred intellectual, married a girl to whom his heart was not given, she accepted the position with a philosophic calm. But, if you do not like Mary, she interests you immensely.

There is varied and good entertainment in the ten tales that make up "The New Decameron." A mixed party of tourists, including a Psychic Researcher, a Woman Doctor, a Priest, a Poet, a Lady of Fashion, set forth under the personal conduct of Hector Turpin, on one of "Turpin's Temperamental Tours" of Europe. Engine trouble delays them at sea, and they beguile the time by taking it in turns to tell these stories.

Stirring adventure and a charming love romance fall to the lot of "The Man on the Dover Road," though he is not so perfect

a hero but he confesses that he began his career as more than a bit of a rascal. The story has atmosphere and is admirably written, with Maurice Manning's perilous wooing of Marie Tabouret, the daughter of a French aristocrat, as its central interest, and the terror and glamour of the French Revolution for a background.

"The Talleyrand Maxim" is one of those yarns of sensational villainy that I am not able to resist, and never try to. Linford Pratt wanted nothing but the opportunity to become a master of crime: The opportunity coming, he took it and easily developed into a cunning blackmailer and a casual murderer. Pratt is a mean, inglorious sort of scoundrel, but he is responsible for an ingenious plot.

There are many writers of short stories, but few who have the art of writing them, and very few indeed who practise that art more surely and effectively than Robert Hichens. The six in "Snake-Bite" are excellent brief romances of love and mystery, and two at least—the title-story, a tale of the desert, and "The Hindu"—are little masterpieces in their kind.

If I could think of a single word that fitted it better, I would not describe Robert Lynd's "Old and New Masters" as a delightful book, for it is that and a good deal more. Mr. Lynd is a critic who puts imagination, a sense of beauty, and a sense of humour into his judgments, as well as a knowledge of the technical machinery of literature. He is as much interested in life as in books; as much in the man behind a book as in the book itself; and is no readier to accept old gods with his eyes shut than he is to set up new gods from among the authors of our own day. He knows how to admire, and to admire generously, but does not run to extravagant eulogy. He holds a steady balance, and really criticises, and his opinions are his own.

So are his prejudices, and you may think him unduly severe with Kipling, and perhaps with Masefield—though he makes amends for this.

He is justly appreciative of Yeats, and acute and happy in his comparison of Chesterton and Belloc; has fresh and suggestive things to say about Wordsworth, Pope, Shaw, Conrad, and others, and makes a sanely sympathetic study of the poetry of Hardy.

## BOOKS TO READ.

Woman. Illustrated. By Starr Wood. (*Angold.*)  
 Mary Oliver: A Life. By May Sinclair. (*Cassell.*)  
 The New Decameron. By Eleven Authors. (*Blackwell.*)  
 The Man on the Dover Road. By David Whitelaw. (*Hodder and Stoughton.*)  
 The Talleyrand Maxim. By J. S. Fletcher. (*Ward, Lock.*)  
 Snake-Bite. By Robert Hichens. (*Cassell.*)  
 Old and New Masters. By Robert Lynd. (*Fisher Unwin.*)  
 Old Bohemian Days in London. By Mrs. Clement Scott. (*Hutchinson.*)



A NEW STAGE-LAND KNIGHT AND HIS LADY: SIR WALTER DE FRECE AND LADY DE FRECE (MISS VESTA TILLEY).

Sir Walter de Frece received his knighthood, in the Birthday Honours, for his war services at the Ministry of Pensions. He is well known as a music-hall director, and his wife (Miss Vesta Tilley) is, of course, famous on the music-hall stage, as a male impersonator. She has decided to make a farewell tour of the country before retiring.

Photograph by Mahoney.



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## A TERRITORIAL AIR FORCE.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

YEARS and years ago, long before this war, when it was evident that then—as now—the Treasury was unwilling to spend money on preparing for another war, and when the total strength of the Royal Flying Corps consisted of four squadrons (nominal), all of which were in a chronic state of shortage of material, a certain Mr. W. de B. Whittaker wrote some articles in a struggling little paper called the *Aeroplane* setting forth the need for the formation of a Territorial Air Force as a second line of reserve for the R.F.C., which already had its Special Reserve, like the Regular Army. In fact, the R.F.C., S.R., officers were actually officers of the Army Special Reserve. Nothing was ever done about forming a Territorial branch of the R.F.C., for the good and sufficient reason that the Regular and Special Reserve officers of the R.F.C. were more numerous than the machines which the Corps possessed; and the addition of Territorial personnel would only have made matters worse.

**Many Machines, but Men "De-mobbed."** To-day things are the same and yet different. We have heaps and heaps of machines and engines, good, bad, and indifferent (but mostly fair to good), all flyable, and hardly anybody to fly them or to keep them in flying trim. The N.C.O.s and men have been demobbed by hundreds of thousands, and the flying officers by tens of thousands. And so there are square miles of machines more or less ready to be flown, and nobody to use them, although some tens of thousands of active, able-bodied young men would like to do so if they had the chance. One recalls the case of a keen youngster who was prosecuted and fined for going to an aerodrome in uniform after he had been de-mobbed, climbing into an aeroplane which was waiting for somebody else, and going for a joy-ride at the nation's expense. Now, obviously, only comparatively few of all the keen youngsters can possibly afford to own and fly aeroplanes of their own while they are still young enough to enjoy doing so. And yet it is very much to the nation's advantage that every fit youngster should know how to fly, just as it was to the nation's advantage that in time past every man of military age should know how to ride a horse.

**Air Power and the Next War.** It is all very well to talk

amiably about a League of Nations which is to assure universal and everlasting peace. But it is as true to-day as ever it was that the best guarantee of peace is preparation for war. And, when war comes, the nation which has the best aviators and the

most of them is going to get in the first punch on its enemies. Also, we, being an island nation, are more open to attack by air than by any other means; and, contrariwise, we can attack by air better than by any other means. Moreover, as General Henderson said (in effect) before the war, and as our pilots found in practice during the war, the man who and the machine which can fly successfully and fairly safely in our filthy climate and over our country, broken as it is by small fields and hedges and trees, can fly with consummate ease over almost any part of the Continent of Europe, as well as over Asia and Africa.

**Convince the Treasury.** Therefore, it seems unnecessary to argue in favour of our having as many trained aviators as we can produce. It hardly seems likely that the Air Ministry will disagree with the proposition, for the bigger the Air Force—whether Regular, Special Reserve, or Territorial—the more justification there is for the existence of the Air Ministry. The people who will take the most convincing are the people at the Treasury, whose one aim in life is to cut down expenditure, especially the spending of money on anything at all warlike.



OFFICERS OF THE "R 34": (L. TO R.) MAJOR PRITCHARD, TECHNICAL OFFICER; MAJOR COOKE, NAVIGATOR; MAJOR G. H. SCOTT, CAPTAIN; AND CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

Photograph by I.B.



MUCH DISCUSSED AS AN ATLANTIC COMPETITOR: THE AIRSHIP "R 34" IN HANGAR—THE FORWARD (CAPTAIN'S) CAR BEING POLISHED. The "R 34" was thoroughly overhauled last week at the East Fortune Aerodrome, Haddingtonshire, in preparation for the Atlantic flight, which it was expected would be attempted this week.—[Photograph by I.B.]

would be the maintenance and running of the machines, and most of the maintenance could be done by Volunteer (otherwise T.F.) mechanics. It would be interesting to hear what some of the de-mobbed officers and men of the R.A.F. think of the scheme.



## IN OUR ELEMENT

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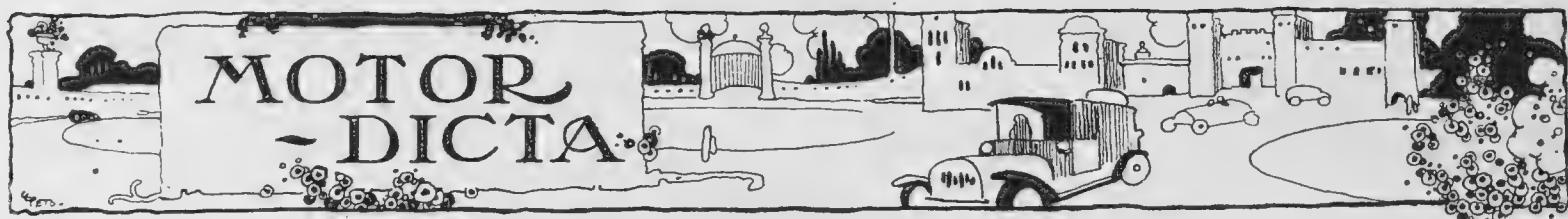
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## THE WHEELS OF BOURNEMOUTH: MOTORING FOR THE MANY. BY GERALD BISS.

WHITSUN well passed and the world at rest again, it has been brought home to me very directly that we are on the verge, if not in the midst, of the great charabanc boom, which I have witnessed from the vicinity of Bournemouth. Therefore, I commandeer it as typical, knowing that everywhere else it is the same, possibly in fuller measure. Long years ago this once strictly genteel resort of hermetically sealed tuberculars and bath-chairs, of the aristocracy of invalidism and their well-to-do connections, was debauched and invaded by direct railway connection with Brum; and with it its traffic has become markedly democratised, until now it is full of eager automobilists from half-a-crown upwards, with a dialect that is not local "Dasset," but bespeaks the very H.Q. area of motor-manufacture itself.

**Taxis-de-Luxe.** To diverge and interject, I never came across in any town a finer stud of taxis, and what, paradoxically and regardless of anatomy and equine prejudice, are termed "hackneys" under the aegis of the ancient Act governing hireling vehicles, which make the mouth of many a poor legitimate motorist salivate enviously by comparison with his own unworthy machine. I cannot claim actually to have found a Rolls-Royce run upon such limited liability basis, but this very day of writing I have been swanking in a "Silent Knight" Daimler with a fine landaulette body, which I should—in confidence—have been very proud to own myself as an active assistant in my old age. Wolseleys abound, and there are Napiers, Fiats, Vauxhalls, and almost every good brand of high-class car, all with landaulette bodies—bought out of private ownership, they tell me, by the far-seeing during the period of slump, and now worth their weight in radium.

### A Carnival of Charabancs.

But to return to our charabancs—as I like to spell them myself, incorporating the word *holus-bolus* into the English language—morning, afternoon, and evening, Sundays included (shades of once strictly Sabbatarian Bournemouth!), the Square, as the central wedge of the town where all roads meet in the pit of the Valley is unmathematically termed, is full of monster automobiles in rich profusion and at truly democratic rates—immaculate "White Heathers" with A.E.C. engines, hailing from a stable which held but one smart cob

all sorts of engines—Dennis predominant, including the first actually released from the factory after the Armistice, and even a Pierce-Arrow truck, fresh from four years of ammunition hauling—a carnival of charabancs rampant, all with great, spacious bodies.

### The Prophet Thomas.

Several times I have in my carless condition taken a cheerful and democratic 'busman's holiday on solid tyres over bumpy, war-scarred, tank-torn roads, re-visiting the New Forest, and tripping the old familiar Hardy country to the west from a new and, I may add, a more acute angle. Incidentally, I have always had a particular and peculiar affection for Bournemouth as the spot where Tess squared accounts finally with Alec D'Urberville, and the blood dripped through the ceiling in the style of splendid, old-fashioned, meaty melodrama; but Hardy lore plays a very small part in the scheme of democratised automobilism, and the glib-tongued couriers

wot not of the Prophet Thomas in his own country, so that in charabanc circles one must hug these pleasant secrets to one's own bosom and mutter gently to oneself upon a back seat like a first-class imbecile. But my heart nearly broke when I passed the site of an old hiring-fair, where a quarter-of-a-century ago the table d'hote lunch in an old barn was a whole roast duck, a lump of loin of pork, greens, potatoes, bread-and-cheese *ad libitum* to each and every man at the modest price of half-a-crown—a reminiscence that used to bring tears to my rheumy eyes in the dark days of rationing—and found that the wicked war had given it its final blow of grace. But of late, God wot, the old order has been changing very considerably above the legal limit!

### Democratic Charabanc Prices.

And the price of this communal fareing, with automobilism democratising itself and preaching the great gospel of the road to others save the war-profligate in his 5000-guinea Swankomobile? Can the canniest of Scots grumble at a guinea to the Derby and back—the best part of 200 miles? It is enough to make Little Eric turn pale, thinking of his beloved railways, and darkly plot the extermination of such dangerously economical transport for the masses! Cheddar Gorge, 160 miles, 17s. 6d.; Bath, 15s.; Shaftesbury, 12s. 6d.; Sherborne, 10s. 6d.; Salisbury and Stonehenge, 13s.; Winchester, ditto; Weymouth, Swanage, or a day in the New Forest, 8s. or 9s.; or shorter half-day trips through the Forest, Lulworth, Corfe Castle, and other places, from 7s. 6d., down to a modest half-dollar's-worth round the coast to

the Haven or through the riot of rhododendrons. It plumbs the very depths of democratised motoring, and makes for the greater good of the whole movement by a practical inoculation against prejudice and a directly popularising reaction.



BY MOTOR: THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVING IN PRINCETOWN.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to his Devon and Cornwall properties proved once more his alertness and his popularity. He arrived at the Duchy Hotel, in Princetown, on the Tuesday evening, after a tour which began at Newton Abbot at two o'clock and lasted for twelve hours. His reception was most enthusiastic everywhere.

Photograph by L.N.A.



DRIVING HIS OWN CAR: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.  
Photograph by C.N.

when I was a boy; "Light Blues," suggestively Cantabrigian, from an erstwhile coaching establishment, spruce and Daimler-engined; greys, terra-cottas, pale-lemon, claret, and all the hues of modern kaleidoscopes which you don't find in the primitive rainbow, with

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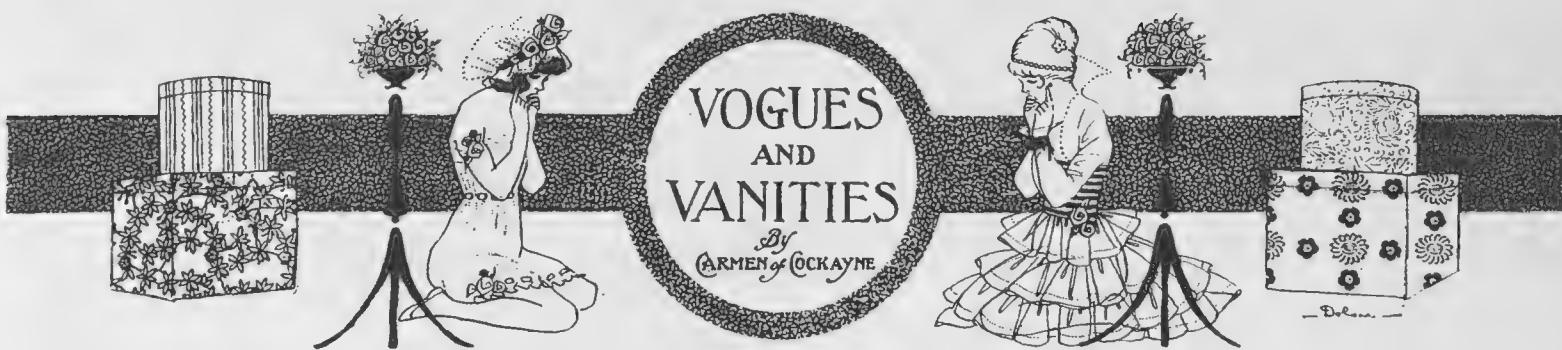
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**Cutting Them Down.**

Though women have unanimously decided not to "down" stockings, it's not to be supposed that they

are ashamed of what stockings are supposed—quite incorrectly in an age of artificial silk—to hide. We are not credited, as a race, with much imagination. Fashion, if she is to be judged by her works, takes the same view. Sleeves are fast disappearing; in many cases "bodice" is merely a courtesy title for a feather, two flowers, and a chain of pearls; and everyone is wondering just how far a skirt can climb without losing its identity. On every side one is reminded of the riddle about the resemblance between a bad photograph and women who believe in cutting down their clothes. Perhaps it is hardly fair to call the modern girl undeveloped; each individual can supply their own answer as

to whether she is or is not over-exposed.

**Transparent Stockings for Trim Ankles.**

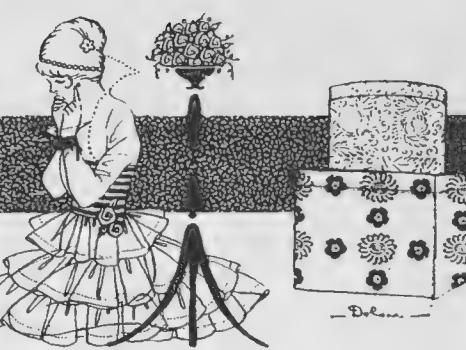
Stockings look like succumbing to the prevailing passion for material economy. Dolores has sketched some on this page which the severest critics couldn't accuse of unnecessary waste of thread; and the powers of the beauty parlours are hard at work already devising the latest camouflage treatment for vaccination scars inflicted by the order of thoughtless parents. It's all right for the stocking-makers; but one can't help wondering, sometimes, how the artist in materials finds it worth his while to go on designing beautiful things, when so very little suffices for the wants of the average dressmaker and the women to whom she supplies frocks.

**The Next Excitement.**

The Derby over, feminine attention was concentrated on Ascot frocks. Cynics declare that people go to Ascot to see the dresses; if that's the case, the sightseers won't be kept busy too long. A wisp or two of chiffon—dress is one of the few things conducted on the "rationed" principle of which few complain—and a whisper of lace complete, in most cases, the tale of the Ascot gown. Where lace alone is used, there is, naturally, more to see; and if by chance anything so substantial as linen should happen to be employed, it invariably makes up for its divergence from the prevailing passion for transparency by its kilt-like inches and the complete frankness of its corsage. If the future dress historian has nothing more than a dress or two to go by, his notions of who won the war and what happened

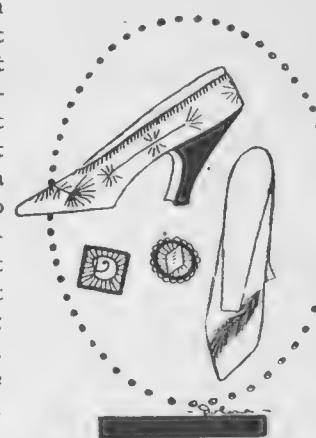


*Fringe is never out of place, and breaks out in hats as well as on frocks.*



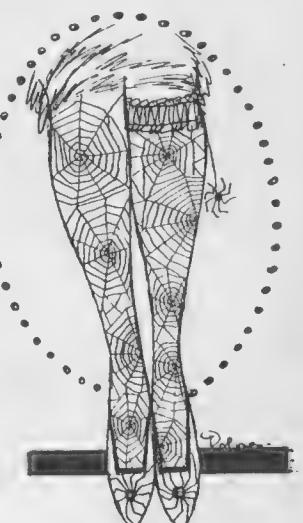
as the result of the victory won't be consistent with facts. But you couldn't blame anyone for thinking, of some of the modern toilettes, that nothing less than the direst shortage could have accounted for the imposition of such heavy responsibilities on materials so inadequate for carrying them out.

**Gaiety in Wraps.** The chiffon wraps that made their appearance a week or two back were assigned an important part in Ascot schemes. It almost seems as if the dress-makers had shied, at the last moment, at the idea of offering a few inches of chiffon to some seeker after smartness under the title of a toilette. It is not often you find the dress artist afflicted with modesty of this kind; but women, at least, have very good reasons for being grateful to the fate that sent gay-coloured chiffon and georgette wraps embroidered in gold and silver thread, or decorated with great silk or wool flowers, their way; for there are times, even though dress-makers don't realise it, when too much frankness in frocks is apt to expose the wearer to the criticisms of those old-fashioned people who still believe that the mission of a dress is to cover the wearer.

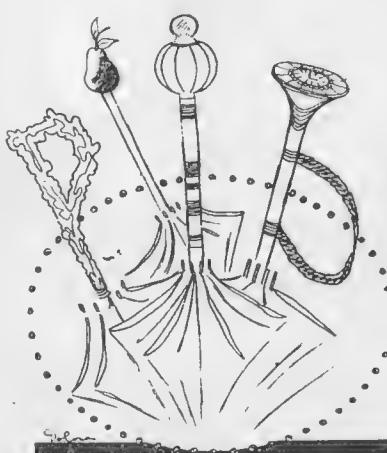


*Feathers are so fashionable that they stoop even as low as shoes.*

**Good to Look At.** The joy aroused by the announcement that this was going to be a good fruit year was quickly dissipated. It's not much consolation, having regaled yourself in imagination on mountains of strawberries wallowing in real cream, to be told, as an excuse for the disappointment, that jam will be plentiful, because the fruit crop will, more or less, be appropriated by those who make it. In the circumstances, it will be amusing to see how women "take" to the fruity parasols of the kind Dolores shows on this page. Will their nerves be equal to the strain of daily contact with something they want but can't have? Forbidden fruit has always had a fatal fascination for them, and Eve let her sex down badly at the start. It remains to be seen whether war work and independence have made her daughters stronger-minded than their mother. If it's only a question of price, it's not difficult to foresee that a jam shortage is assured. Who ever heard of any woman economising in the present and denying herself something she wanted, with the idea of being able to get something else later on? "Let's take the fruit and eat it up to-day, before the jam-man gets his horrid way," is much more likely to be the principle adopted, if women have half a chance of getting a "look in," than the more prosaic, if also more prudent, advice to "Deny yourself, that, when the autumn's here, there may be lots of jam for you, my dear."



*They would be grey: what else could they be, seeing the nature of their design?*



*Parasols have other uses than their shading mission, and can, on occasion, act as time-keepers.*



*A chiffon wrap embroidered in tinsel thread may not be much good as a protection against cold, but there is no doubt as to its decorative appearance.*

# The Great New Victory Loan Explained

## THE FUNDING LOAN 1960—1990

Issued at £80 per cent., to be repaid at par in 1960-90. Interest 4 per cent., making the total yield 5 per cent.

Repayment at par will give the holder a Bonus of 25 per cent., in addition to the whole of the Capital originally invested.

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His dividends are guaranteed by the State for at least 40 years; and when his money is repaid, the capital sum returned to him will be larger by 25 per cent. than the amount which he invests now.



Here is the finest opportunity that has ever been offered to the investing public; a British Government Loan, which in addition to the high rate of interest guaranteed by the State, gives to every holder the certainty of sooner or later receiving a very substantial sum of money over and above the repayment of the whole of the capital invested.

In Victory Loan you have a choice of two kinds of security, offered you on terms without parallel in the whole history of British Finance.

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## VICTORY BONDS.

Issued at £85 per cent. Repayable at par (£100 per cent.) by Annual Drawings which will begin in September of next year.

Interest 4 per cent., making the total yield £4 14s. 1d. per cent., exclusive of the money received by every holder when his bonds are drawn.

Victory Bonds of the par value of £50, £100, £200, £500, £1,000 and £5,000 may now be purchased at any Bank.

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Victory Bonds are as safe as Victory Loan. They are offered at a slightly higher price because they carry the very attractive right to repayment by annual drawings with a Cash Bonus. The first draw will take place in September of next year.

The following Table shows exactly what each denomination of Victory Bonds costs, what the holder will receive in interest each year, and what he will get when his bond is drawn:—

Actual Cost of Victory Bonds at £85 per cent.	Dividends paid for each full year.	Bonus received when Bond is drawn.	Total sum repaid when Bond is drawn.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
4 5 0	0 4 0	0 15 0	5 0 0
21 5 0	1 0 0	3 15 0	25 0 0
42 10 0	2 0 0	7 10 0	50 0 0
85 0 0	4 0 0	15 0 0	100 0 0
170 0 0	8 0 0	30 0 0	200 0 0
425 0 0	20 0 0	75 0 0	500 0 0
850 0 0	40 0 0	150 0 0	1000 0 0
4250 0 0	200 0 0	750 0 0	5000 0 0

If, for example, you buy a Bond for £850, you may get back the whole of the money within 12 months, plus an added cash Bonus of £150. Even if your Bond is not drawn in the first year, or the first few years, you still have a Government Security which will go on paying you a safe £40 per annum, and you have also the certainty that sooner or later your Bond must be drawn and the Cash Bonus paid.

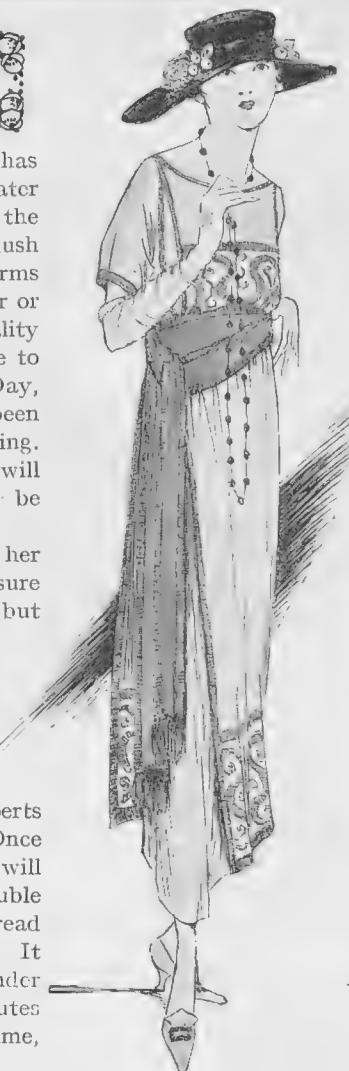
## Put all your Money into Victory Loan.

## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Really "It." This week, with Royal Ascot, the season has reached its zenith. It will go down in greater glory than it rose. We all made a fetish of the signature of the Peace Terms. A great deal of gaiety went on, but there was a hush over it all. Everyone was waiting for the signature of the Terms by the enemy. It was not known until a short time ago whether or not there would be Ascot State processions. After all, the formality of signature by the enemy matters very little, for we shall have to make him keep the terms in any case; and ever since Armistice Day, when the Empire knew we had really beaten him, there has been interest in the Conference only to see that there was no wobbling. So Ascot will go gloriously this year, and after it the season will decline gradually and very brilliantly, and next season will be really "It"!

**Comely and Good to Look Upon.** "Show me her neck and I will tell you her age," was the rash remark of a very cocksure doctor-man. Time was when he might, but Mme. Elizabeth Eve is altering all that—not by covering up the careless ways Nature lets our muscles sag, but by the common-sense system of exercising them, and so defeating old Time's nefarious designs of putting year-marks on us. Mme. Eve, who has Rooms 19 and 20 at 55, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W., exercises the facial muscles and those of neck on the same system that Swedish experts do those of the body, keeping it supple, slight, and youthful. Once the system has been mastered it is a possession for life, and will efface wrinkles round the eyes, lines from nose to mouth, double chin, hollows in the neck, and all those other things that we dread to see in our glasses when the golden days of youth are going. It is a real satisfaction to know that by a little skill applied, under advice either personal or by correspondence, for just a few minutes each day, we can escape from the undesirable markings of old Time, and go through life comely and good to look upon.

**Modern Mermaids.** I do not think that holidays have ever been so thoroughly enjoyed as now. The holiday-makers seem to have gained a new appreciation of



*A thé dansant frock of apricot-coloured georgette, over crêpe-de-Chine of the same shade, and furthermore adorned with silver embroidery.*

them since the sufferings and deprivations entailed by the war. It is a joy to see them, as one did at Whitsuntide, like happy children, glad to be alive in the sunshine and the lovely surroundings. The sea exercised the greatest fascination, and bathing was the most enchanting amusement. I saw a number of quite effective bathing-dresses. One was of rose-pink satin, finished with Tambour lace the same shade. The hat was Tam-o'-Shanter shape, of waterproof material, and also rose-pink, with a saucy cockade of Tambour lace at the left side. Remarkable, but not so pretty, was a suit in green-and-white chess-board check, with a green sash and green cap. There are lovely things in bathing costumes at Debenham and Freebody's. No one goes down into the sea a sad fright, as they used to do. Modern mermaids are very particular about their clothes.

**Feminine Occupations Gone.** Never before, I believe, was there such an enormous number of applications for Royal Enclosure vouchers for Ascot. Many came from officers who had fought throughout the war, and Viscount Churchill's branch of the Lord Chamberlain's Department was hard put to it to settle it all up justly and equitably. Doubtless, even now, there are heartburnings, and the wife of Colonel Doordye is raging because she is out-

side that coveted area, while the wife of Colonel Home Slacker is flaunting within. But what will you? In cases like this there

*[Continued overleaf.]*

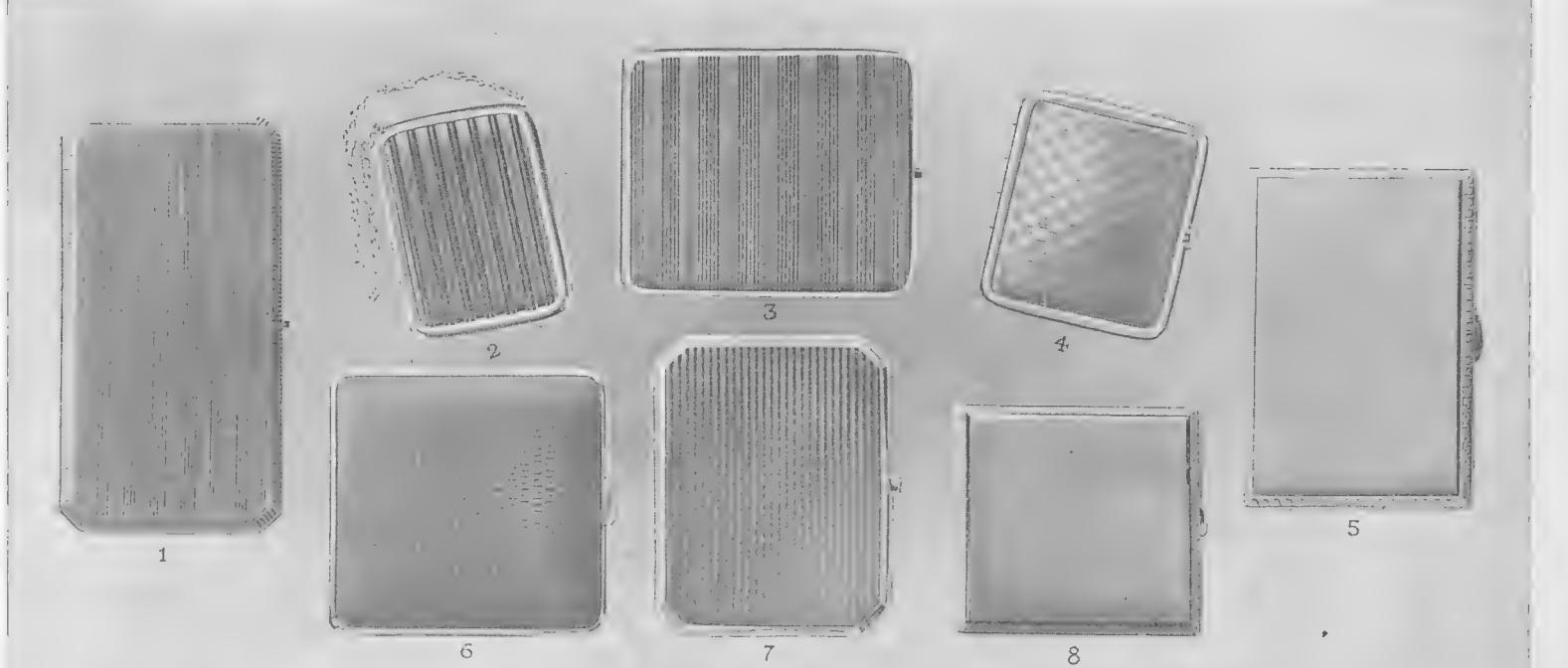
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Wilson & Gill's Choice Stock of Solid Silver Cigarette Cases includes the Newest Designs of Fine Engine Turnings, stoutly made and very highly finished, the finest value obtainable.

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*"Tales of a Toffee Tin"**No. 9.—"Demobbed."*

This is the Tin of Toffee that  
has lately been demobilised

## for all sorts of good things were "demobbed" when Dad was.

Lots of the pleasant things have come back in to-day's home life. Big joys have returned, and many, many simple little homely pleasures: butter is back, sugar's returned, and cream is coming. And as these sweet things go to make Mackintosh's toothsome, wonderful sweetmeat, and the work-folk are "demobbed" to make it, you now have the greatest toffee-treat in the world to help you realise more fully that peace is here.

*Loose by weight and in family tins.  
Buy a 4-lb. tin on your way home.  
Young or old share equally the  
delights of this delicious confection  
which comes from Halifax.*

**Sold once again by  
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Thank you for your forbearance during the period of shortage. There is now nearly enough Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe and Mint-de-Luxe for all—Café-de-Luxe and Chocolate-de-Luxe will follow in a few months' time.

*John Mackintosh Ltd.*





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Jason "Triumph"	2/9 per pair	Jason "Choice"	4/3 per pair
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See the Jason Tab on every pair and pay only the price marked on the tab of stockings and socks for ladies and men.

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The Jason Tab

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I will send (absolutely free and without obligation) to any other sufferer full and complete description of how I cured the hair, root and all, so that it has never returned. If you have a growth you wish to destroy

wish to destroy worthless powders, pastes, and liquids, or the dangerous electric needle; learn from me the safe and painless method I found. Simply send me the coupon below, or a copy of it, with your name and address (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and two penny stamps for reply, addressed as below. I will send you other valuable beauty secrets free as soon as published.

stop wasting your money on worthless powders, pastes, and liquids, or the dangerous electric needle; learn from me the safe and painless method I found. Simply send me the coupon below, or a copy of it, with your name and address (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and two penny stamps for reply, addressed as below. I will send you other valuable beauty secrets free as soon as published.

**THIS FREE COUPON** or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 2d. stamps.

MRS. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair; also details of other beauty secrets as soon as you can.

Address, FREDERICA HUDSON, Dept. K 526,

No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

**IMPORTANT NOTE.**—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

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SUPER · ZEPHYRS

For Town & Country  
Summer Wear

Beauty of texture, dainty colour combinations and pleasing effects in stripe, check and plain designs maintain the high reputation of the famous "D.J.A." Super-Zephyrs—the original Scotch Zephyrs. All dyes employed in the manufacture are indelible, fast both to light and washing.

ASK YOUR DRAPER TO SHOW YOU PATTERNS.

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TRADE  
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Full supplies of

**Calvert's**  
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are now available in the familiar round tins.

Three sizes  
(6d., 1/- & 1/6 retail).

The Manufacturers beg to thank the public for the readiness with which the temporary cardboard package has been accepted during the period when tins could not be procured.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER.

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THE RECOGNISED HOUSE FOR  
PERFECT FITTING  
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PERFECT FITTING MUFTI  
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Hair-Health and  
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The marvellous rays from Radium prove the most effectual way of rejuvenating and beautifying the hair. These rays, constantly emitted, penetrate to the hair roots, follicles, pigmentary glands, etc. Destroy all harmful germs, eliminate dandruff, and promote a steady growth of new, luxuriant, glossy hair.

"RADIOR" HAIR TONIC is guaranteed to be the finest therapeutic preparation known to science for producing Healthy Hair, and in addition, contains the correct quantity of Actual Radium for producing permanently healthy and abundant tresses.

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**RELENTA**  
THE BRITISH  
APERIENT WATER  
1s. 6d. PER BOTTLE  
SOLE PROPRIETORS  
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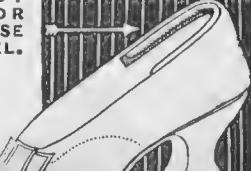
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SOFT Rubber Cushions, encased in velvet, easily fixed into shoe. Protect stocking heels from wear.

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**Exclusive Design**

We have specially designed for Ascot a number of attractive ready - to - wear Frocks. These frocks are made in our own Work-rooms from rich quality silk materials, and the cut and finish are equal to that of the best type of garment which is usually made to order.

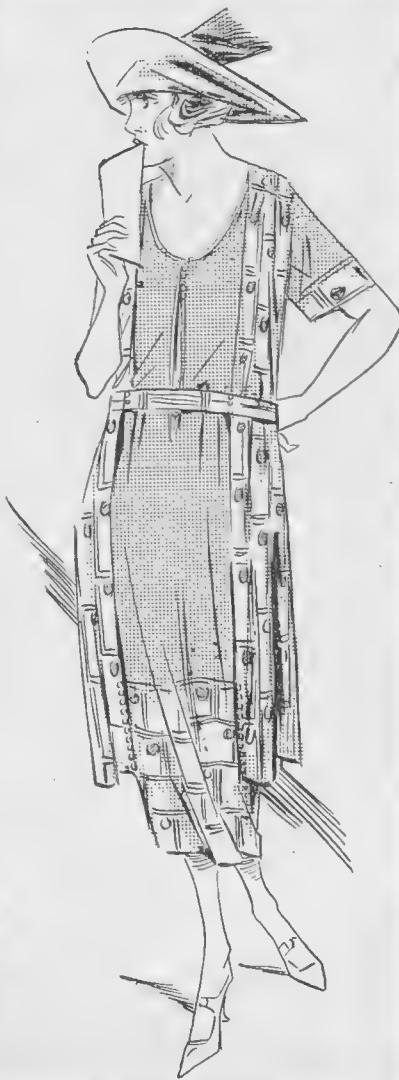
**RACE FROCK**, in rich quality silk foulard, with front and sleeves of plain georgette.

PRICE

**14½ Gns.**

**THE RAVAGES OF MOTH.**

Store your Furs in our Freezing Chambers. Particulars of our new Combined Fur Storage and Insurance against all and every risk sent post free on application.



**Debenham & Freebody**  
DEBENHAMS LIMITED

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# A Grand Weatherproof Motor Coat **THE BURBERRY**

Driving rain, searching wind and dust all fail to penetrate this splendid weatherproof, which, although thoroughly protective, is lightweight and perfectly self - ventilating — no rubber, oiled-silk or other air-tight fabrics being necessary to maintain its weather-resisting powers. Voluminous in build, with wide arm-holes, it can be worn over any thickness of clothing, or, in exceptionally keen weather, even over another overcoat, without sacrifice of freedom or comfort. A double-buttoning front prevents wet finding entrance between the button - holes, and special wind-cuffs protect the wrists and forearms.

To make security more sure, it is lined throughout with proofed check or proofed silk, or with detachable linings of soft Fleece or Leather to regulate warmth and weight.

*Every Burberry garment is labelled "Burberrys"*

## BURBERRY COMPLETED MUFTI & SPORTING SUITS

Whatever kind of suit is wanted, from a sporting outfit to an evening dress, it can be obtained at Burberrys

### READY-FOR-SERVICE.

The materials are of the finest quality, tailored to perfection by picked London craftsmen. Any normal figure can be accurately fitted, as each completed Model is made in 55 different sizes.



**The Motor Burberry**

**BURBERRYS CLEANING WORKS**  
Top-coats and Suits cleaned; weatherproof garments reproofed by Burberry processes. Prices on request.

**BURBERRYS** Haymarket S.W.1 LONDON  
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# Great Barker Value ATTACHE CASE

SENT POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS



A NEW  
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SPECIAL-  
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OF REAL  
COWHIDE  
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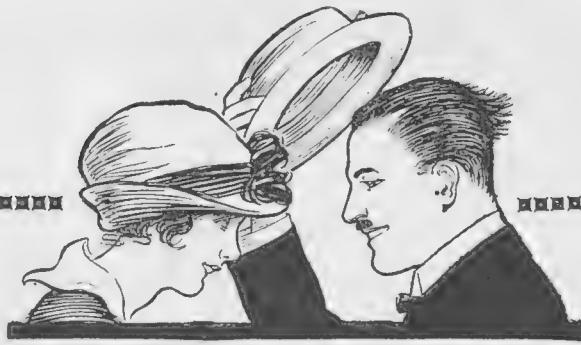
Size  
14 x 9 x 3½

Made from Real Hide, Tan Colour, lined inside Green, Real Leather Pockets for Stationery. Leather-bound Book. Leather-cornered Writing Board. Loops for Pen and Pencil. Pockets for Cards and Stamps, fitted Stationery complete. Two Locks and Key. Two Straps over Front Pockets which secure Papers. Really a charming Case. Will wear for years. Sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom.

JOHN BARKER AND COMPY., LTD., KENSINGTON, W.8.

**27/6**

# BARKERS KENSINGTON W.



## How d'ye do?

When raising the hat to a friend in the street or taking your hat off in order to hang it on the peg, you often find that your hair at the back becomes ruffled, as the illustration suggests. If you use

**ANZORA**

this will not happen because Anzora

### MASTERS THE HAIR

in any way desired—keeps it in perfect position all day without allowing any loose hairs to become detached.

Anzora Cream for slightly greasy scalps and Anzora Viola for dry scalps.

Of all Chemists Hairdressers, Stores, etc., 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) per bottle.

Anzora Perfumery Co., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.



### The Isle of Skye Liqueur.

A Link with the '45.

## DRAMBUIE

The recipe of this much-prized SCOTCH LIQUEUR was given to one of the Mackinnons of Skye by a Highland gentleman in the bodyguard of Prince Charles, as a souvenir for Mackinnon's assistance in aiding the Prince to escape capture. Its secret has been carefully preserved, and the manufacture has been carried on by successive members of the Mackinnon family ever since the '45.

It is a delightful liqueur, rich and mellow in flavour. It has long held the post of honour on the tables of the oldest and best known of the great West Highland families.

#### Ask for it at your Restaurant or Hotel.

It can be had in bottles, cases (12 bottles) or half-cases, from all good-class Wine Merchants. Failing this, please apply to the proprietors for name of nearest agents.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 8, UNION STREET, EDINBURGH.



*Wash beauty into your Hair*

USE QUIN-QUENNA regularly instead of ordinary shampoos, the results are astonishing. Quin-Quenna will make your hair wonderfully thick, glossy, lustrous, and wavy.

It cleanses the hair thoroughly, and keeps the head free from scurf. Feeds, nourishes, and strengthens the roots; induces a luxuriant heavy growth; positively stops hair falling out or going thin; restores to dull, grey or faded hair all the radiance of youthful charm.

Quin-Quenna is made from rare herbs and finest castile, which, going through secret treatments, graduates into wonderful granules that, dissolved in hot water, becomes at once a Hair Cleanser—a Hair Beautifier—a Hair Grower. You can wash your hair twice with one packet of Quin-Quenna.

#### QUIN-QUENNA NEVER FAILS.

In packets, 2 for 1/-, 6 packets 2/9, 12 packets 5/-, from all Chemists and Stores, or post free, with book of Beauty Treatments, in plain wrapper, direct from Leighton Laboratories, Despatch Room 34, 35, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, London.

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Slip an "Evinrude" detachable Motor on your own or any hired row-boat and experience the inexhaustible pleasures of Motor-boating at fractional cost.

**Evinrude**  
Motor Co., (Eng) Ltd.  
107 Waterloo Rd. S.E.1.

Get full particulars by writing for Catalogue S.



# Sunshine and Beauty

## The Charm of a Beautiful Skin

THE great antidotes for skin roughness caused through exposure to the Sun or Wind, are Palm and Olive Oils. They were used centuries ago by the women of Ancient Greece and Rome, and up to the present day neither Nature nor Science has evolved anything better for the skin. Healthy exercise and a liberal use of these Oils in the form of

## PALMOLIVE

Soap will give to the complexion that natural bloom which is woman's greatest charm.

The delightful sensation of silky softness when washing with it is only excelled by the skin comfort it gives after the toilet.

Palmolive is the purest soap obtainable, because it contains no free alkali or artificial colouring matter. Its exquisite, haunting, Oriental fragrance is a Palmolive secret.

From all Chemists and high-class Stores. Price 7½d. per large Tablet.

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PRE-WAR PRICE.  
QUALITY UNALTERED.  
EXEMPT FROM  
GOVERNMENT TAX.

The concentrated fragrance of the best loved flowers, picked at the very moment of their perfection.

**COURVOISIER'S  
'C. C.'  
PERFUMES**

(Concentrated without Spirit.)

One drop from the perfuming-rod spreads a wealth of fragrance.

LILY OF THE VALLEY,  
VIOLETTE DE PARME,  
JASMIN, SWEET PEA,  
CARNATION, LILAC,  
and all other flower odours.

**3½d.** per *Of all Chemists  
and Stores.*

Ask for  
"Courvoisier's C. C." Perfumes.

WHOLESALE:  
H. BRONNLEY & CO., LTD.,  
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**JULIA GLYN**  
223 EBUARY STREET  
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Spécialité—Lingerie of every description to order at moderate prices. Quality, style and finish the best only.



Heavy Quality Crêpe-de-Chine Nightdress, hand embroidered, as Sketch—Round, Square or V Neck  
59/6

Knickers to match 28/6 (closed on elastic).

Chemise 28/6

Camisole 12/6

Whole set £5.19.6

Colours—Pale Pink, Lemon, Powder Blue, Mauve, Sky, Black, Ivory Ribbon & embroidery self or any contrasting shade.

Orders by Post receive prompt and intelligent attention.

**BALBRIGGAN  
LISLE THREAD  
AND COTTON  
STOCKINGS.**

Fine gauge, black  
Lisle thread,  
silk clocks 4½d.

Another make,  
wide tops  
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Fine black  
cotton, with  
silk clocks. 3½d.

CATALOGUE  
POST FREE

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SNELGROVE**  
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)  
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## YOUR HAIR PERMANENTLY WAVED

BY  
**MARCEL'S**  
SURPASSES ALL  
AND WILL DEFY  
SHAMPOOING,  
TURKISH  
BATHS  
OR  
SEA-BATHING



This is because Marcel's, after many years of careful study, have perfected the method of permanently waving the hair to resist all conditions which in the ordinary way tend to give unsatisfactory results. The straightest hair can be permanently waved. Short hairs are made into small curls, producing a perfect, natural effect. In fact, when waved by Marcel's, it is impossible to tell that the hair is not naturally wavy. The hair does not look frizzy, as is so often the case when not properly treated.

**FREE DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS**  
are given at Marcel's Salons to those ladies who care to call at any time, but if it is not convenient to call, there are inexpensive devices by which ladies may wave their own hair at home with just the permanent effect. The Outfits also produce quite natural, soft waves, no matter whether you use the Marcel "Perm" Outfit for £3.10s., "Grand Perm B" Outfit for £4.4s., or the "Grand Perm A" Outfit for £6.6s. The only difference lies in increased simplicity of use with increased cost. We shall be delighted to send to any address copies of testimonials and full particulars of the MARCEL PERMANENT WAVING OUTFITS FOR HOME USE on receipt of the coupon at foot duly filled in.

[These Outfits are specially suitable for use abroad and for countries where heat, damp and tropical conditions prevail. This has been proved over and over again by testimonials received.]

### COUPON.

The Secretary, MARCEL'S PERMANENT, LTD.,  
353, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

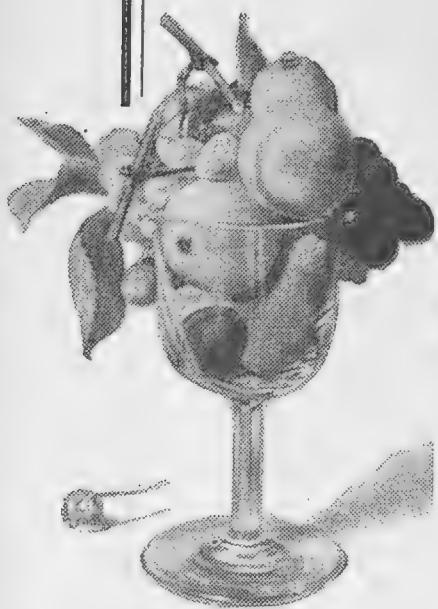
SIR,—Please send me full particulars of the inexpensive MARCEL HAIR-WAVE for HOME USE, for which I enclose a 3d. stamp.

Name.....

Address.....  
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## Keep the Blood Cool

but don't pump iced drinks into an overheated body—that is the way to endanger health. They give you only temporary comfort and create a greater thirst. There is a NATURAL and SIMPLE way of keeping the body at an equable temperature on the hottest day. Take an occasional wine-glassful of the finest of all blood regulators and the pleasantest of all Non-alcoholic tonics—



LUSCIOUS, FRESH, & BRITISH.

### FORT-REVIVER

the finest liqueur tonic, composed from the juices of selected fruits, highly concentrated, corrects any tendency to overheating of the blood, diffuses a delightful feeling of freshness and vigour over the whole body and enables you to endure heat with an equanimity which is the envy of perspiring friends.

A glass of FORT-REVIVER in plain or aerated water will keep you cool for hours and safeguard you against those dangerous chills which often follow sudden checking of perspiration by iced drinks.

## NEWMAN'S FORT-REVIVER A LIQUEUR TONIC

Sold by all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, Wine Stores.  
Large Size Bottle, 5/6; Smaller Size Bottle, 3/9.

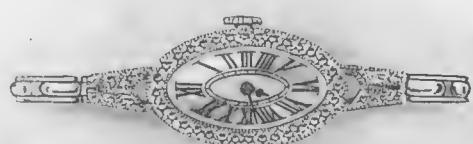
Should you find any difficulty in obtaining Newman's "FORT-REVIVER," apply to H. & C. NEWMAN, London Office, 41/42, Upper Rathbone Place, W. 1.

The TONIC with a  
GENUINE MEDICAL  
GUARANTEE  
ON EVERY BOTTLE.

*H. W. Benson's*



Blue Tinted Dial £105



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High Quality Lever Movements 25, Old Bond St. W. 1  
Diamond & Platinum Bracelet Watches sent on approval  
AND. 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4



LISTA  
PURE SILK

Manufactured and  
LISTER & CO LTD  
224 OLD CLOTHING LONDON, E.C. 4.

## VENUS PENCILS

set the standard for the World.

Obtainable in 17 degrees Blacklead, 6B to 9H, 4d. each.  
HB or F for general writing. H or HH: hard, firm writing.  
B or BB for a softer lead. Venus Copying: 5d. & 6d. each.

Of All Stationers.

"VENUS," LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, LONDON.



## HOWARDS' ASPIRIN TABLETS

The Great  
BRITISH  
Brand

SALES  
1917

SALES  
1918

Manufactured by Howards & Sons, Ltd (Estd 1797) Ilford.

## Charming Hats

and Lovely Marabouts

HARRODS are devoting a special attention to the thousand-and-one needs of the holiday-maker. Space permits of showing but the veriest 'sample' of the charming and useful things provided. Here is a choice of dainty Hats and Marabouts.



NEW SAILOR (M.L.) 905) in Yedda Straw, double edge. Trimmed two shades of Ribbon. Peacock, Putty, Royal, Copper, Rose, Squirrel, Dark Saxe, Emerald, Navy, Violet, Jade, Burnt, Daffodil, Cerise, Cornflower, Parme, Grey, Black, and White. £2 9s. 6d.



CHIC HAT (M.L. 900) in Lisere Straw, trimmed Ribbon Velvet Rosette and Band. Black, Navy, Nigger, Tabac, Shantung, Parme, Rose, Saxe, Grey, Cherry, and Castor, with underbrim and trimming to contrast. Exceptionally fine value. £4 7s. 6d.



MODEL CAPE (M.L. 902) of rich Marabout Feathers, with stiffened band. Black, Nigger, Natural Mole, Smoke Grey. Depth of Cape, 18 ins. 5 Gns.

## If it's from Harrods it's GOOD

THE Dictates of Style and Utility have rarely been so happily interpreted as in the fascinating range of Harrods Summer Models now on view.

The illustrations, accurate as they are, can convey nothing of the excellent materials of these garments, or indeed of the excellence of their finish. Come if you can, and see them.



REST GOWN (T.G. MANTON). Slip on shape in soft Satin de Laine with cape-like collar, terminating in cross-over sash which is slotted through gown to tie at back. Collar and cuffs faced Georgeite and bordered with wool stitching and tassels. Sky, pink, cherry-purple, flame, rust and dark saxe 84/-



DAINTY TEA GOWN (T.G. EATON). Crepe de Chine with Georgeite drapery of contrasting shade over fine lace bodice. Silver tie sue belt at waist. Sky and heliotrope, saxe and rose, maize and heliotrope, black and white. 7 Gns.



(L.O. 3c). Fine hand-made CAMISOLE, French model, daintily hand embroidered in various designs, 9/11



LADIES' 3-BUTTON GLOVE (L.G. 34). Fine French Lisle. Perfect fitting, in white and champagne. 4/3

## HOSE

FINE SILK HOSE (L.H. 686), strengthened with Lisle thread tops and soles. Dependable quality in Black or White, 4/6

PLAIN SILK HOSE model in good quality (L.H. 694). With Lisle thread Crepe de Chine. Pink, tops and soles. Medium weight, sky, heliotrope, white, and in black only. 10/6 black, 69/-



## 'TUDOR ROSE' PERFUME



JUMPER PYJAMAS (L.O. 38). A well-cut model in good quality Crepe de Chine. Pink, tops and soles. Medium weight, sky, heliotrope, white, and in black only. 10/6 black, 69/-

NAINSOOK PETTICOAT (L.O. 31). French hand embroidered in choice designs and finished with ribbons, 18/9.



USEFUL REST GOWN (T.G. YORKE). Heavy Georgeite tunic, trimmed jet motifs at neck, finished jet fringe and girdle. The skirt is of rich Crepe de Chine. Black only, 9 Gns.



LADIES' 2-BUTTON GLOVE (L.G. 3). Best quality washable doe-skin, in white. 7/11

## WASH FABRICS

GEORGENE.—Fine Silk and Cotton Mixture which wears and washes excellently, and is really delightful for Summer Blouses and Lingerie. 40 ins. wide. Per yard, 7/6

COTTON GEORGETTE. A fine crepe Texture which drapes and hangs well. Ivory, sky, shell-pink, lemon, apricot, lime, tomato, rose, dove, stone, beetroot, heliotrope, champagne, saxe, silver, mole, nigger, marine, grey, and black. 42 ins. wide. Per yard, 5/6

*Continued.* must be people left out who, if they had their deserts, would be in, and vice-versa. Suppose every barrier were broken down to-day, there would be somewhere we all wanted to get to-morrow, and a first there first in rush would not suit us by any means. Some privileges and restrictions there must be; and if there were not, how many feminine occupations would be gone!—for we all covet most what is most hard to obtain.

**The House Fresh and Lovely.** There is a shortage of wall-papers, and lots of people who are having their rooms redecorated after five years of "putting up with it as it is" are sorely put to it now to get just what they want. The other day I was in the brightest, prettiest, freshest, daintiest house I have seen for a long time. It caused regular sighs of satisfaction from every member of a luncheon party until someone expressed our concerted admiration. "Hall's Distemper, my dears, did it all," said our hostess. On some of the pretty self-coloured walls were charming designs in stencilling; on others were friezes stencilled in darker hue. In every way, she told us, it was much nicer and better than wall-papers; it was even microbe-proof—and that is a line of defence specially welcome in these days of this enemy's invisible invasion. The drawing-room was particularly lovely in palest Wedgwood grey-blue, with Adam decoration picked out in ivory. The hall, also done in Hall's Distemper, was Empire-green, the mouldings in very dark green; it was lovely.



The dress on the left is of eau-de-Nil tulle, with a charmeuse bodice of the same hue, ornamented with lapis lazuli beads. Rose-coloured ninon underlined with pale blue ninon, with bands of diamanté on a silver background, make up the toilette on the right.

**A Diplomatist's Wedding.**

Lord Berwick is one of the lights of the Diplomatic Service, and is temporary Secretary at the British Embassy in Paris. His marriage will take place there at the Embassy Chapel to Miss Edith Teresa Hulton, who is a handsome and accomplished girl, well fitted for the position of wife of a diplomatist. She has been brought up chiefly in Italy, and is a good linguist, a clever musician, and a great favourite. Lord Berwick, who is forty-two, succeeded his uncle. His father was the Rev. Charles Noel Hill; and his mother, who lives at Cliffe House, Ruyton-in-the-Eleven-Towns, Shropshire, is the daughter of a parson. Her father was the Rev. River G. Benson, Rector of Hope Bowdler, Salop. The widow of the preceding Lord Berwick is of Swedish birth, and is well known in London. Lord Berwick is an only son, and boys have long been rare in the family.

**Keeping Your Head.** It is an awfully hard job to keep tidy

about the head when motoring. Especially is this so when one drives, and there are no idle hands to give the straying locks pats back into their right place. If one only knows it, there is a way out of all difficulties; and Robert Heath's own exclusive cap is the way out of head discomfort when motoring. It is more than that, for it is the way into comfort, becomingness, and cleanliness for all outdoor sports and pastimes.

*[Continued overleaf.]*

# AERTEX

## Cellular Clothing

**is cool in Summer and warm in Winter**

because of the non-conducting air in the meshes of the fabric, and, being woven on a loom (not knitted on a frame) it is stronger than ordinary hosiery underwear. **AERTEX CELLULAR GARMENTS** are cut and fashioned on tailor-made principles, and are therefore durable, easily repaired if damaged in the wash, and economical in wear.

**MEN** all over the globe will welcome the announcement that the prices of **AERTEX** Cellular Garments have been reduced this year in nearly every line.

**ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST** of full range of **AERTEX CELLULAR GOODS** for Men, Women and Children, with list of 1500 depots where these goods may be obtained, sent **POST FREE** on application to **The CELLULAR CLOTHING Co., Ltd.**, Fore Street, London, E.C.2.

**A selection from list of Depots where AERTEX Cellular Goods may be obtained:**

**LONDON**—Robert Scott, 8, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.2.  
—Oliver Bros., Ltd., 41, Bedford St. W.1.  
**ALDERSHOT**—Thomas White & Co., Ltd., Union St.  
**BATH**—E. & H. Doane, Long Buildings.  
**BELFAST**—Anderson & McAuley, Ltd.  
**BIRMINGHAM**—John Risdon & Co., High Street.  
**BEXHILL-ON-SEA**—Lewis, Hyland & Co., Devonshire Rd.  
**BLACKPOOL**—J. Whitehead, Abingdon Street.  
**BRADFORD**—Brown, Muff, & Co., Market Street.  
**BRISTOL**—G. Standerwick, Triangle, Clifton.  
**CANTERBURY**—J. G. Jackman, Parade.  
**CHELTENHAM**—Cavendish House Co., Ltd.  
**CHESTERFIELD**—H. J. Cook, High Street.  
**COVENTRY**—Hayward & Son, Broadgate.  
**CROYDON**—Pickford & Newton, George Street.  
**DUBLIN**—Frewen & Ryan, Lower Sackville Street.

**EASTBOURNE**—Bobby & Co., Ltd., 106, Terminus Rd.  
**GLASGOW**—Arneil & Yuill, 20, Gordon Street.  
**ILFAX**—R. Hume, 1, Cornmarket.  
**HARROGATE**—Allan & Son, Prospect Crescent.  
**HUDDERSFIELD**—W. H. Dawson & Sons, 22, New St.  
**ILKLEY**—Barker Bros., Leeds Road.  
**LANCASTER**—R. Stanton, 17, Cheapside.  
**LIVERPOOL**—Wm. Cochran, Lord Street.  
**MANCHESTER**—Craston & Son, 33, Oldham Street.  
**MIDDLESBROUGH**—A. W. Foster, 74, Linthorpe Road.  
**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**—Isaac Walton & Co., Ltd.  
**NOTTINGHAM**—Dixon & Parker, Lister Gate.  
**OLDHAM**—Buckley & Proctor, Ltd.  
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This Label on all Garments

# Chapters in the History of a GREAT PAPER

No. 4.

## THE GREAT FLYING FAD

**I**N 1906—the year of the dawn of flying in Europe—“*The Daily Mail*” offered a £10,000 prize for a flight from London to Manchester, and a further £1,000 for a flight across the Channel.

This was regarded as a harmless, if expensive, fad of Lord Northcliffe's. Indeed one contemporary offered in derision a prize of ten million pounds for a flight of ten miles. Yet no more striking instance of vision and foresight on the part of a paper has ever been recorded. “*The Daily Mail*” was justified of its vision. In 1909 M. Bleriot flew across the Channel in 37 minutes, and in 1910 M. Paulhan flew from London to Manchester.

**O**NLY slowly did the country waken to the infinite possibilities of aviation. “*The Daily Mail*” pursued its harmless fad by offering another £10,000 for a flight round Great Britain. “*The Daily Mail*” knew that it wou'd be won—and was right. M. Beaumont carried off the prize on July 26th, 1911. Other offers followed, and at the outbreak of war no less than £24,750 had been paid out in prizes to encourage flying.

“**T**HE DAILY MAIL'S” services to motoring in 1896 and afterwards is forgotten; but the Thousand Guineas Tour and many other motor prizes helped to establish motoring against much violent opposition.

**Daily Mail**  
Million Sale  
ORDER TO-DAY      S.V.P.

**P.S.** This is the fourth of a series of announcements dealing with certain historic achievements of “*The Daily Mail*.” They are written, not in mere self-congratulation, but because memory is short-lived, and because only in retrospect is it possible justly to estimate the soundness, virility and value of this paper's policy.

Always  
Fair  
Always  
Fearless  
Always  
First

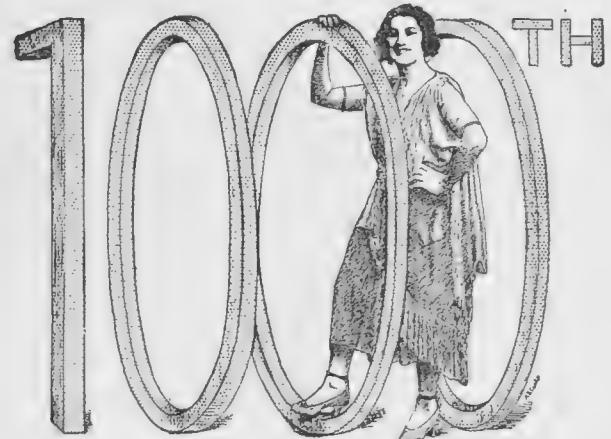


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The George Edwardes Production.  
Under the direction of Robert Evett

## “The Maid of the Mountains.”

Midsummer Day, June 24, at 2 & 8



(The original design will be on view in Selfridge's window June 24th.)

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when the play will be re-dressed, and every member of the Audience will be presented with a souvenir programme containing reproduction of the above design and photographs of Principal Artistes,

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### ORIGINAL ARTISTS

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## *The wonderful Music of The MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS*

Music by HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON, Lyrics by HARRY GRAHAM.  
Additional Numbers by J. W. TATE, Lyrics by CLIFFORD HARRIS and VALENTINE.

**Vocal Score, 6s.**

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*The Great Waltz Song :  
Love Will Find a Way  
Farewell  
A Paradise for Two  
My Life is Love  
Live for To-day*

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Husbands and Wives  
Over There, Over Here  
When You're in Love  
Friendship and Love**

Obtainable of Theatre Attendants, your Local Music Dealer, or

**ASCHERBERG HOPWOOD & CREW LTD.**  
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Continued.]

It fits any sized head perfectly, it gives shade to the eyes, covers the hair, and one can have it in twenty-one different art shades in silk flax cloth for 31s. 6d. Never can one make a better investment than this. To know Robert Heath's, 37 and 39, Knightsbridge, is to know the very best hatter in the world for riding, boating, golf, tennis, country, and town wear. Tailored shirts and stocks are also to be purchased there of the smartest and the most business-like.

We are Going Ahead. — Polo for the public — these be democratic days

indeed! A shilling admission to see a match at Hurlingham was an innovation. As the gate-money went to the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, it was a good beginning. The B.P. loves a horse and loves a game; when it understands polo, which is simple, it will flock to see it played whenever possible, and its polo heroes will run its cricket and football heroes close for favour. Ranelagh started flying for Society recently with a great aviation day. It is a fast world, my mistresses, and we must move to keep pace with it. A woman is going to try to fly the Atlantic, and she is an American woman, so the sex is not behind over there either. I thought the other night that it was well the Queen does not leave her box, or room behind it, at the Opera. Her Majesty would not appreciate seeing pretty little girls in their teens, or just emerged therefrom, having



THE WEDDING OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. TOWNSEND AND THE HON. MARGARET BARNEWALL: OUTSIDE CORPUS CHRISTI CHURCH, MAIDEN LANE.

The wedding took place last week, at Corpus Christi Church, Maiden Lane, Strand, of Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Townsend, late of the East Surrey Regiment, son of Vice-Admiral S. P. Townsend, and the Hon. Margaret Barnewall, youngest daughter of Lord Trimlestown. Father McGuckin performed the ceremony. The bridesmaids were Miss Florence Radcliff and Miss Olive Bridges; the train-bearers, Master Christopher Preston and Miss Elizabeth Ann Townsend.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

their cigarettes in the lounge. Quite up to date, of course; but her Majesty would not like it!

**Crowning Glories.** A woman's crowning glory may, as someone has said, be her hair, but in a world where Fashion reigns, Nature can't expect to have things all her own way. Crowns of tulle and lace, of chiffon and georgette, of transparent aerophane and featherweight straw are all at hand to show that the art of the milliner runs Nature's handiwork very close. No sane woman neglects to dress her hair with care, but no sane woman would risk her reputation for sanity and good dressing by ignoring the good works of the artist in hats.

When illustrating the spiritualistic paintings of Mrs. Diver ("Atlantis"), in our issue of June 4, we inadvertently omitted to mention that they were on view at the Maddox Street Galleries, 23A, Maddox Street. These galleries, instituted by Mrs. Kate Wilcox and Mr. Harold Melville, are run on novel lines, and should be of great value to artists as a means of making their work known. Any artist can exhibit there on payment of a moderate fee, without being subject to any selection committee. The Queen, who is much interested in the scheme, recently visited the gallery and bought some of Mrs. Wilcox's and Mr. Melville's work. At present the Guild of United Arts, Crafts, and Letters is holding an exhibition there, which will be open till the 21st.

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is like the ACE OF HEARTS, which is a "multum in parvo" of the pack. Just one "pip" in the centre of the card, but it means a certain trick, it is almost sure to "score."

URODONAL is quite sure to score, as witness the evidence and support of many of the leading medical authorities of the day.

In the rush of modern life, the hurried meals, the variable climate, the many conditions that retard rather than assist the body in healthy living, it is inevitable that our bodily functions are interfered with, in some cases more, in others less. We neglect the little premonitory signs of warning that Nature gives us, and then wonder why we are laid low with Gout, Rheumatism, or Lumbago!

Yet it is within our power to ward off such attacks, and if they have already come, to combat them and drive them away. Uric acid poisoning is at the bottom of the majority of these distressing troubles which make Life so miserable, and there is no solvent of uric acid so powerful as URODONAL, which is 37 times more effective than Lithia.

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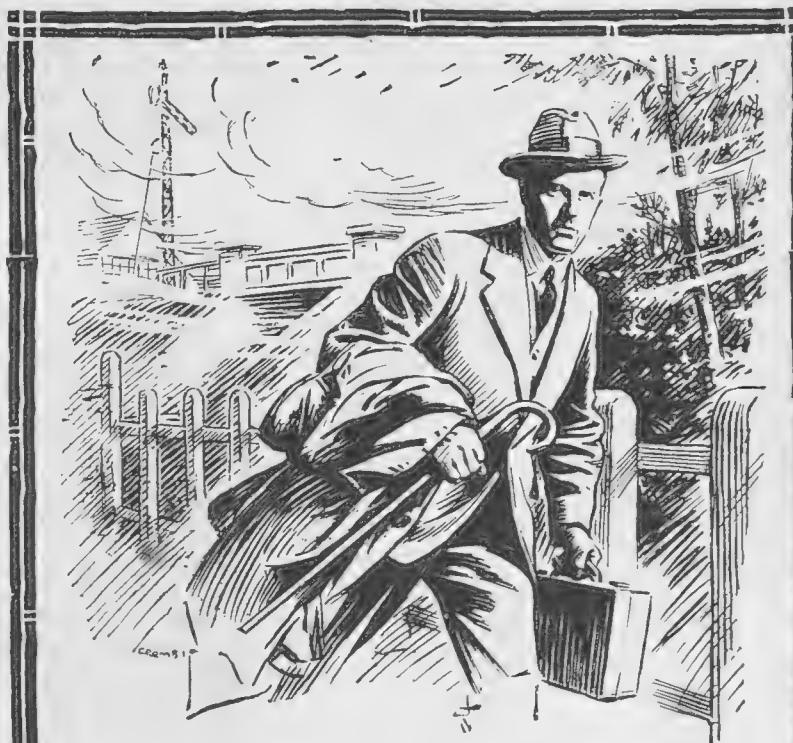
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*and after that—  
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## OSTEND.

WHITSUNTIDE has been a very busy time in Ostend. Over one hundred journalists of all nationalities, selected from those who are attending the Peace Conference in Paris, have been the guests of the Municipality. The journalists are making a trip through the devastated areas of Belgium, so Ostend was chosen as a centre from which to make an important series of excursions, the town being well situated and offering the necessary accommodation for the visitors. But besides the journalists there were hundreds of other visitors, chiefly from Brussels, including many English. For visitors to Ostend a regular series of excursions to the battlefields has been organised, ranging from three-horse char-à-bancs at twenty francs per head to automobiles at one hundred francs per head. Thus it is made easy to visit the Belgian coast from Nieuport to Zeebrugge, and to go inland to Bruges, Dixmude, and Ypres.

The most interesting event of the week has been the visit of King Albert, who came down to see his summer residence, which is being put in order for his arrival, as it is his intention to spend a part of the summer in Ostend with his family. He, however, did not confine himself to visiting his own property, but, with the Burgomaster, visited the town generally, and especially the Kursaal, expressing a wish that everything possible should be done to have Ostend ready to receive the English visitors, who, he was assured, would be coming there in great



TRENCHES DUG BY THE GERMANS IN THE VICINITY OF OSTEND.

numbers. The King paid a visit to the harbour in order to congratulate the officers of the British Salvage Corp on the rapid advance made with the work connected with clearing the harbour.

The racecourse, which was left in a terrible state by the Germans, is now practically ready for the meeting, which this season commences on July 13. The principal event will be the Grand Prix of 4000 sovs., which takes place on Aug. 24. Despite every effort, it has not been

possible to have the polo-ground ready. Two roads have been made right through the old polo-ground, and there has not been time to make a new one.

Golfers, however, will be well provided for at Knocke. Warren has returned, and is doing wonders towards having the links in decent playing order. The hotels and pensions are getting themselves ready, and look forward to seeing again many of their old clients.

The direct service leaving Charing Cross at 8.45 a.m., arriving at Ostend *via* Dover at 3.30 p.m., is to commence next week. This will

greatly facilitate the journey of visitors to Belgium. Though it has not been possible to repair the railway station at Ostend Harbour, the railway has been repaired, so that trains again leave for Brussels, etc., from the quay-side—a very great convenience for those visiting Belgium for business. The season has begun well in Ostend, and it promises to be most brilliant. No effort is being spared by everyone concerned to meet the requirements of visitors and assure their comfort.

"Kiamil" Cigarettes are  
of Pre-War Standard

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make no appeal to those who can smoke a cheap cigarette. They are of the Pre-War standard of quality—so naturally they cannot be sold at a cheap cigarette's price.

"Kiamil" Egyptian Blend Special 25 for 3/3; 100 for 12/6  
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You will find "Kiamil" Cigarettes leave the mouth fresh and sweet—and they do not taint the breath. All high-class tobacconists and railway kiosks sell "Kiamil" Pre-War standard Cigarettes

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receive attention at the Hospitals of London. This means hard work by highly skilled doctors, surgeons and nurses, and the expenditure of large sums of money on food, upkeep, medicines, surgical instruments and appliances.

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22nd JUNE, 1919,

is the day this year for our first great post-war appeal on behalf of 250 hospitals, dispensaries, convalescent homes and nursing associations, which depend upon the money we collect for the considerable portion of their income. Please help, by sending a contribution either to your Vicar or Minister, or to the

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Sefton Gowns lend an air of distinction and are worn by the smartest women in town and country.

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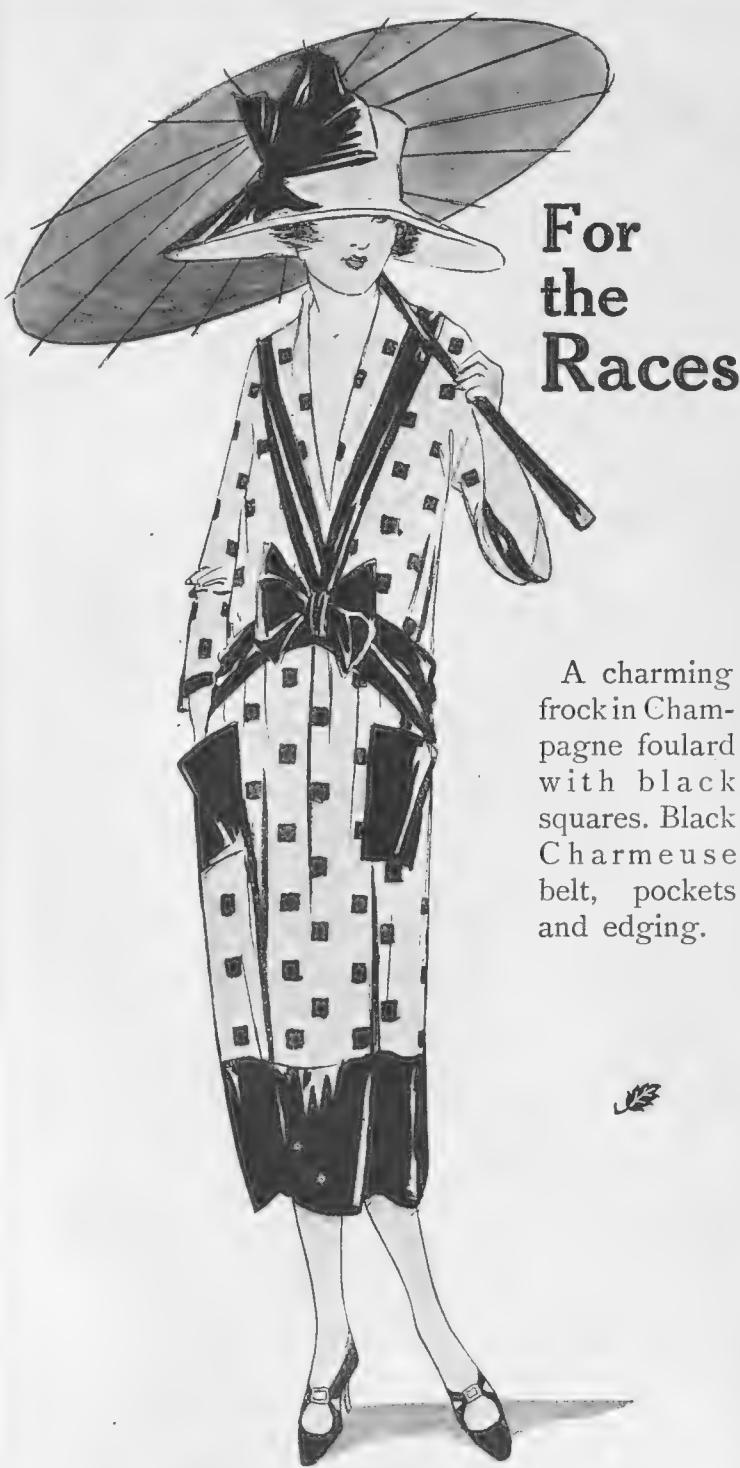
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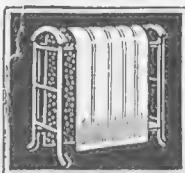
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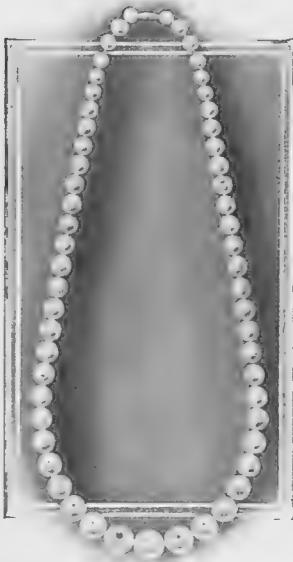
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By Appointment.

**Ladies'  
Outfitting  
Dept.**



**PATRICIA.**

Very fresh and young is this youthful model in soft wool. It forms an ideal garment for all at this season of the year, and is kept in the young ladies' salon on the 2nd floor. In Saxe, 27/9 Rose, Apricot and Mauve .. 27/9

Can be had in full ladies' size 35/9 with contrasting stripes .. 35/9

**PAMELA.**

A delightful cool Jumper for the holidays, indispensable for Tennis and the River. It is made in bright Artificial Silk of an exceptional quality, and on account of its simplicity can be worn on many other occasions. The colours now in stock are Cherry, Rose, Grey, Light Saxe, White, Sky & Champagne 69/9

**Harvey Nichols  
Ltd  
of Knightsbridge, S.W.**

# Grafton's Chiffonelle

The Perfect  
Washing Fabric  
for  
Dainty Lingerie

THE name means just this — the cosiest yet airiest, the warmest yet lightest of all cotton fabrics for "undie" wear, both for Spring and Summer. It is as dainty in appearance as it is delightful to wear. It washes as well as cambric, and its many "cute" designs and colourings offer unlimited scope for that touch of personality which every woman in her heart of hearts desires.



"Yes, dear, to feel dainty all through, so to speak—let your Chiffonelle frock cover Chiffonelle 'undies'—it's the ideal fabric for both."

32 ins. wide  
2/11½ per yd.  
Plain Art Shades  
or printed. See  
that the name  
"Grafton Chiffonelle" is stamped  
on the selvedge, and on the tab of  
ready-made garments.

If your local draper is out of stock, write to  
GRAFTON'S, 69, WATLING ST.,  
E.C. 4, and a  
selection of pat-  
terns will be sent  
to you post free.

## The VENN GIRL

Undie Set No. 70.



"Frilly" Set of Crepe made with Georgette Frills and threaded Ribbons. In any self or contrast shades.

Knickers	... ...	42/6
Camisole	... ...	17/6
Chemise	... ...	32/6
Nighty to match	... ...	63/6

Daintily illustrated catalogue sent  
free upon application.

VENN'S  
14-15, CONDUIT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1.  
'Phone Mayfair 1407.



## ATTRACTIVE HATS FOR SUMMER WEAR

ADAPTED from the latest Paris models, and made in our own workrooms by highly skilled workers.

NEW "CLOCHE" shaped hat in taffeta with crown of ribbon.

Price 3 Gns.

Note.—This hat will be found in our Inexpensive Millinery Department on the Ground Floor.

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**  
VERE-STREET-AND-OXFORD-STREET  
LONDON W.1

*Cannot be sent on approval.*

*Write to-day  
for Catalogue  
of beautiful  
Gifts, Post free*

**J.C. VICKERY.**  
177 to 183  
REGENT ST.  
LONDON  
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*Their Majesties Jewellers  
Silversmiths & Dressing Case  
Manufacturers*

## LOVELY ENGAGEMENT RINGS



No. B 395.  
Fine Diamond and Palladium Set Gold Ring, £42 10s.  
Smaller, £35 and £25  
Larger, £65 10s.



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Fine Diamond, Pearl, Palladium and 18-ct. Gold Ring, £63 10s. All Diamonds, £48 10s., £62 10s.



Fine Diamonds and Square Cut Rubies, £82 10s.



No. B 393.  
Fine Diamonds set 18-ct. Gold and Platinum, £39 10s.



No. B 39.  
Lovely Whole Pearl, Diamond and Palladium "Solitaire" Rings, £28 15s., £32 10s., £37 10s., £42, £72 10s.



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Fine Diamond Half-Hoop £19 10s., £32 10s. and £45 10s.



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Fine Diamond and Pearl, £52 10s.  
Smaller £35 and £24



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Square-Cut Diamond, Sapphire and Palladium Ring, £25 10s.



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Fine Diamonds, set in Palladium and 18-ct. Gold, £28 10s.



No. B 47.  
Diamond and Square-cut Sapphire Ring, Gold and Palladium mounted, £13 5s.



No. B 349.  
Diamond, Whole Pearl, Platinum and 18-ct., £20  
Smaller, £13 15s.



No. B 351.  
Diamond, Pearl, 18-ct. Gold and Palladium, £11 18s. 6d.

# GOOCHS VOGUE & VALUE

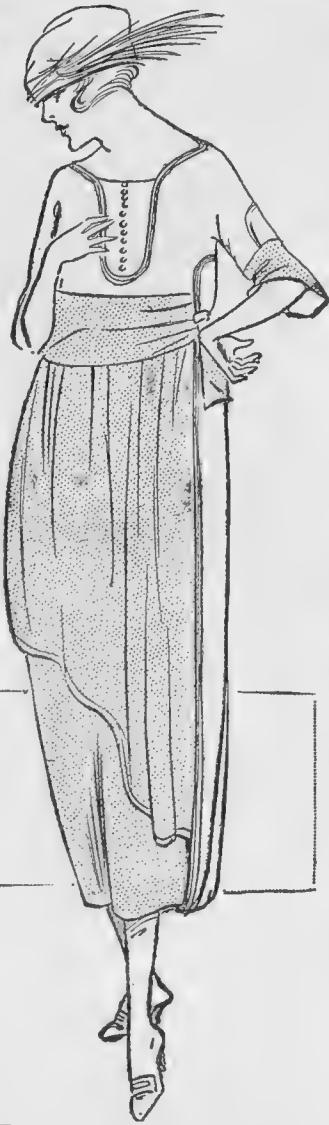
WHAT to wear on this or that occasion is a question most readily answered by the variety of elegant summer frocks coming in from our workrooms. Their moderate price is no less decisive than their infinite charm.

The demand for Gooch Summer Frocks is so insistent that we cannot send on approval.

CHANTILLY. Elegant satin and georgette Gown, for afternoon wear, showing new one-sided panel sash. In electric blue, and grey 16 Gns.

*Gooch*  
Ltd.

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 3  
New Telephone - Kens. 5100.



BY ROYAL  
WARRANT.

Walpole  
BROS LTD.  
89  
90 NEW BOND ST. W.1

UNAPPROACHABLE VALUE

## DAINTY NIGHTGOWN

In "Marajah" Double Crystalline of the finest texture it is possible to weave. Its wear surpasses that of ordinary silk and its appearance is equal to the most delicate silk. The Model is beautifully trimmed with lace and finished with a bowed ribbon, as sketch.

The colour is absolutely fast and will wash repeatedly without detriment.

SPECIAL PRICE

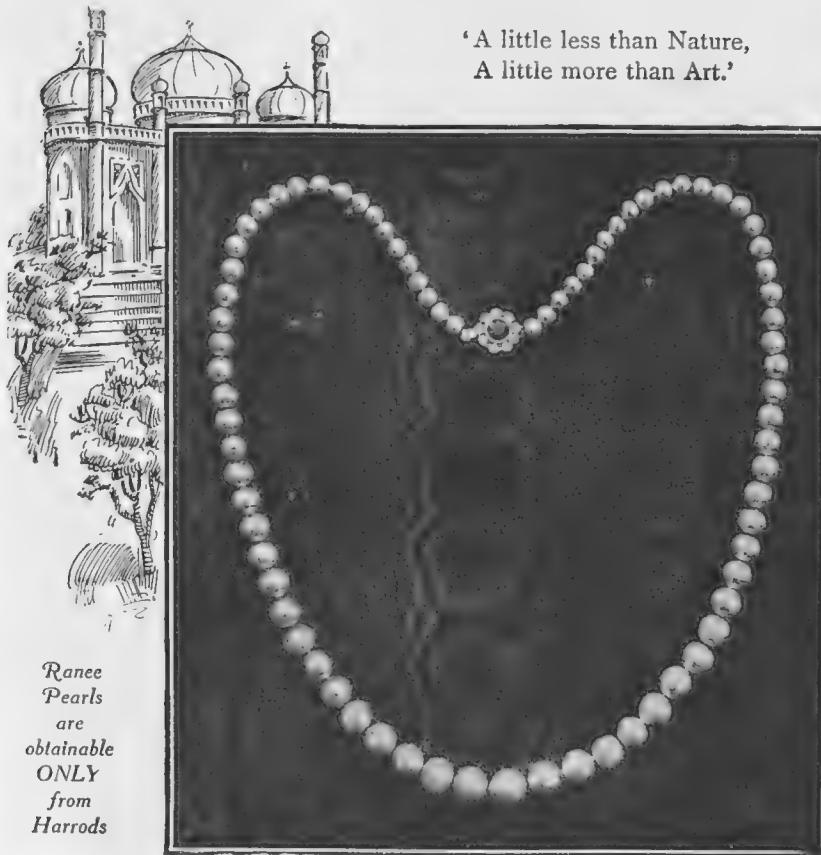
**19/11**

Sizes 42, 44, and 46.

Colours: Pink, Coral, Pale Blue, Mauve, Lemon.

This garment is really wonderful value and is offered through this media post free, in order that Provincial Patrons may secure equal advantage to those who are able to call in person at the 'House of Walpoles.'

One Garment only with a range of colours, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London Trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.



'A little less than Nature,  
A little more than Art.'

Ranee  
Pearls  
are  
obtainable  
ONLY  
from  
Harrods

FOR all that even an expert can detect, RANEE Pearls, in wear, are real pearls, and pearls of such extraordinary charm and beauty that Nature herself might envy them. So perfect is the limpid loveliness of these RANEE Pearls, so true their natural shaping, so faithful their tone and radiance, that they defy detection even when placed alongside genuine pearls.

Ranee Necklet,  
with clasp (Ruby,  
Emerald, Diamond,  
Sapphire, or Pearl  
centre) as illustrated,  
£3 3 0

*Ranee*  
Regd.  
LONDON SW 1

FÊTE HAT, as sketch, in rich black taffeta silk, embroidered with coloured silk flowers, the bow and underlining of white Organdi Muslin.

Price 6 Gns.

DEBENHAM  
& FREEBODY  
(DEBENHAMS Ltd.)  
Wigmore Street, Cavendish  
Square, London, W. 1

*Milton Uses in the Month of June*

# HAY FEVER

## Banish it with MILTON

Persons who are dreading the periodic return of this distressing complaint are meeting the trouble halfway. Meet it with a lighter heart—and MILTON.

MILTON gives instant relief—and cures. It is quick and simple to use. Just put a half-teaspoonful into a glass of tepid water—use any nasal spray or douche three times a day or oftener if desired. It works like magic.

Have MILTON ready now. It is indispensable in every home, every day. It is the most powerful purifying fluid in existence, yet absolutely safe. Saves you buying a dozen different preparations for use in the nursery, the kitchen—the bathroom—the garden.

*The 101 uses are fully described in the Booklet which accompanies each Bottle. This Booklet is more useful in the home than a Dictionary.*

MILTON MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 125 BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.  
64 WELLINGTON STREET, GLASGOW. 37 PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

### Does 101 Things

Here are a few of the Summer-time uses of MILTON.

Relieves Insect Bites.  
Kills Obnoxious Smells.  
Allays Skin Irritation.  
Purifies Food.  
Cleanses Fresh Vegetables.  
Removes Stains.  
Destroys Vermin.

### Miltonise your Food

Meat, Poultry, Fish, Fruit, Vegetables—everything you eat will be made absolutely pure and safe by MILTON—and more palatable.

It is simple and safe. Just add a tablespoonful of MILTON to each pint of cold water; wash the meats, etc., or soak the vegetables. The improvement is wonderful. This habit is rapidly spreading amongst people who are particular about the cleanliness of their food, or who wish to avoid ptomaine poisoning. Try it yourself.



1/3 & 2/6 Bottle  
Your Dealer sells it

## THE "SUBMARINE" TIMEKEEPER AND A REALLY GOOD WRISTLET



THE INSIDE OF A WATCH depends upon the outside. The best works are soon ruined unless adequately protected by the outside—technically, the case. The case of our "Submarine" has all joints packed with a pliant fibrous material which renders it impervious to a thorough downpour of rain and also prevents the entry of grit or dust. The movement is absolutely non-magnetic; there is a black dial, treated with a glowing luminous preparation enabling the time to be read in the dark, and covered with a specially thick glass.

**With Leather Strap, £4 10s.**

### A GOOD WRISTLET.

AFTER A FEW WEEKS' WEAR the best leather strap looks disreputable, in a few months it is unsafe. Here is a wristlet which can always be cleaned to look like new, whose principle of construction is the embodiment of safety, strength, comfort, and life.

It does not clog the pores of the skin, but, while keeping the watch in proper position, gently expands with every movement of the muscle, so that your watch is *there* when you need it, without making your arm feel its presence every minute of the day.

A strip of paper the total circumference of the wrist, and the width of your watch from A to B (see illustration), is all we need to ensure an exact fit.

*Ladies should specify the narrow model.*

**Silver—Burnished, 21/-; Oxidised, 23/6; Postage, 6d. extra.  
9 ct. Gold—Gent's, £5 10s.; Ladies', £4 10s.**

*You can have on trial either the watch or wristlet (or both). If not fully satisfied a return of your money in full will at once be made. Please mention "The Sketch" when ordering.*

**BROOK & SON,**  
By Appointment  
to His Majesty,  
Watch Dept. 87, GEORGE STREET WEST, EDINBURGH.



**Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco**

To smoke it once is to smoke it always . . .

*"King's Head" is similar but stronger  
Both are sold everywhere*

**1 oz Packets 11½d—Tins: 2 oz 1/11—4 oz 3/10**

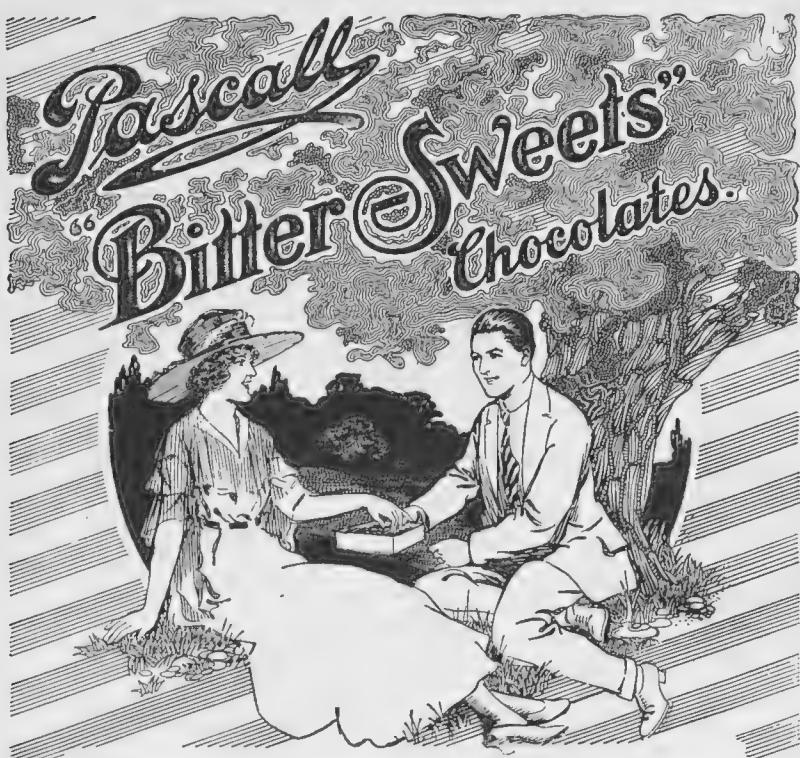
**"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES**

**MEDIUM**

**5½d for 10—11d for 20. Boxes of 50 2/2—100 4/3**

*Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., 56 St. Andrew Sq., Glasgow*

*621*



"Bitter-Sweets" is a misnomer to the uninitiated, for the chocolates are not bitter ... not in the slightest degree. Yet the name accurately describes them. They are a combination of the bitter and the sweet—the bitter of the cocoa bean, and the sweet centre. The result is a chocolate that delights and keeps on delighting—never cloying, always refreshing. And now let Pascall's "Bitter-Sweets" Chocolates continue the story—take home a box to-day.

In  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. and 1 lb. boxes, and by weight. Of all Confectioners.

JAMES PASCALL LTD., LONDON, S.E.

## A Precious Food.

The necessity for "fat" in food is shown by the serious effects which the "fat shortage" has had in Germany.

Realising the necessity for "fat" in food, the British Government has released large stocks of "Skippers"—one of the most precious of all fat-containing foods. The genuine olive oil in which "Skippers" are packed rebuilds the tissues wasted with the strain of War. Your retailer will supply you with a tin of

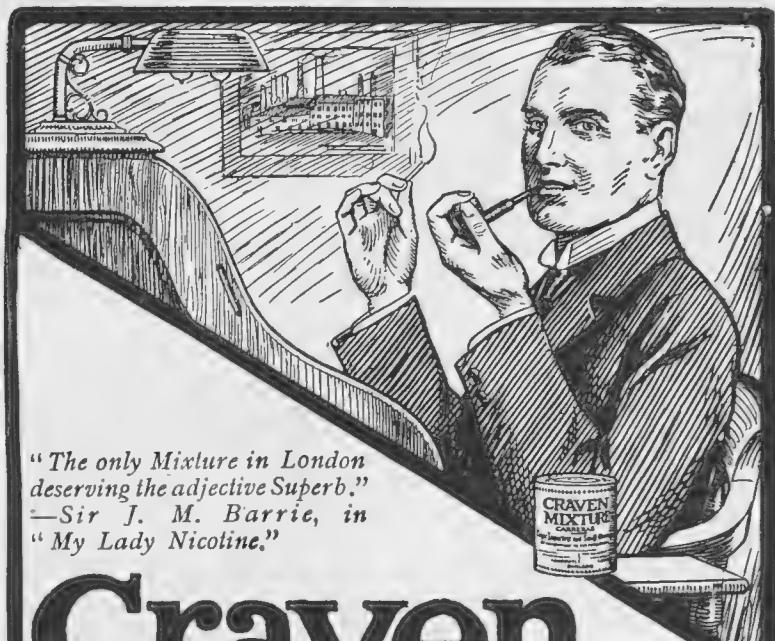
**"SKIPPERS" for 1/-**  
(GOVERNMENT PRICE).

*A guarantee on every can.*

**"Skippers" are brisling with good points.**

66 **Skippers** 99

ANGUS WATSON & CO., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



"The only Mixture in London deserving the adjective *Superb*."  
—Sir J. M. Barrie, in  
"My Lady Nicotine."

# Craven

MIXTURE.

An aid to business concentration—it clears the mind and soothes the nerves.

A pipe of Craven Mixture is a pipe of pure enjoyment.

**2/2**  
per 2 ozs.

Made by CARRERAS, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, London, W. 1. Est. 1788.



No. S. 293D. Black Glace Kid. Patent toecap ... 35/-

## NEALSON SHOECRAFT.

**C**RAFT is the product of years, sometimes centuries. The finest linen weavers of Ulster are those whose grandparents sat at the loom; the most dexterous lace workers of Honiton are repeating the designs their forebears originated; the cleverest pottery craftsmen of the Five Towns inherit their genius through generations of workers in clay. . . . So it is with shoe-craft. . . . Nealsons are the product of eighty years shoe-making, planning, designing and fitting. Tasteful and distinctive in appearance—dependable and durable in wear—they are essentially footwear for the gentlewoman.

**SAMPLE OFFER** If you should hesitate to send cash with a definite order for a pair, we are willing to forward a single shoe for inspection and fitting upon receipt of 6d. stamps for postage. Send full particulars of usual size worn and outline drawings of feet.

*Write for the Nealson Shoe Book.*

**Daniel Neal & Sons LIMITED**

Dept. 17—126, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., W.8.  
Also at 68-70, Edgware Rd., W.2., and 123, High St., Putney, S.W.15

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

## Catching.

Estate-selling proceeds apace. Lilleshall and the Sutherland family are no longer connected, except as a memory. Sir John Leigh is the owner of the Duke of Sutherland's Shropshire property, and so another "stately home of England" has changed hands. There are not many better specimens of Elizabethan architecture in the country than Lilleshall, where King Edward was a frequent guest when the beautiful wife of the late Duke was one of the hostesses for invitations to whose entertainments Society itself was not ashamed to scramble. The place is rich in historic associations, and it is therefore satisfactory to know that Lilleshall Abbey, a gem of Norman architecture, will still

be open to the tourist and antiquary, for Sir John has already announced that he has no intention of curtailing any of the privileges hitherto enjoyed by the public.

## On the Market.

Lord Normanton, part of whose Hampshire property is to be sold in July, has some experience of what it feels like to part with family acres.

A ONE-ARMED PLAYER IN THE KENT LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: MR. H. BIGNOLD.

Photograph by S. and G.

He parted with some of them, between Newbury and Devizes, in 1917, and repeated the process the following year, when he divested himself of some seven thousand broad acres of Postland, his Lincolnshire estate. Somerley, his home in Hampshire, is famous for its art treasures. The price of a virtuous woman may be above rubies, but one of the Reynoldses there is worth many of these particular stones. "The Seven Cardinal Virtues," by Sir Joshua, is valued at £80,000; and paintings by Rubens, Titian, Murillo, and Van Dyck help to swell the value of a notable collection.



AT THE FIRST INTER-UNIVERSITY LAWN-TENNIS MATCH SINCE 1914: SINGLES PLAYERS.

From left to right, the photograph shows: Mr. A. F. Yenaken (Melbourne, Australia, and Corpus Christi, Cambridge); Mr. C. Hopkins (U.S.A., and Balliol, Oxford); Mr. C. N. Thompson (Grahamstown, South Africa, and St. John's, Cambridge); Mr. J. N. Radcliffe (Queensland, and Balliol, Oxford); Mr. M. Woosnam (Winchester, and Trinity, Cambridge); and Mr. H. R. C. Martin (London University, and Lincoln, Oxford).—[Photograph by S. and G.]

Well Endowed. Lord Normanton is accounted one of the richest Peers in England, so his collection is, perhaps, rather more complete than others, notable pictures from which now adorn mansions on the other side of the Atlantic. Lord Normanton's wealth, however, does not consist of means merely. His heir, Lord Somerton, was born in 1910; but he has seven daughters, one of whom, Lady Alexandra Agar, married Mr. Peter

[Continued overleaf.]



At play, work, or after meals on all occasions "Yellow Seal."

The pure joy of sport in the open—the pleasure derived from successful business—the welcome rest after a pleasurable meal. These are the occasions when the call for a good cigarette cannot be resisted. Morris's pure Virginia "Yellow Seal" Cigarettes will more than satisfy your desire.

MORRIS'S

**YELLOW SEAL**

VIRGINIA  
CIGARETTES

1/4 for 20

of High-class Tobacconists.



# APIS UNSTAINABLE CUTLERY

lessens housework and reduces weekly expenses.

WE WILL LEND  
you a sample knife  
for a week's trial.

You Can Scrap  
your Knife Boards,  
Knife Machines  
and Plate Powders.

After use you merely  
rinse and wipe  
with a cloth.

Thus there is no  
wear and tear.

APIS STEEL  
gives no taste to  
fruit or fish.

APIS STEEL  
is always beauti-  
fully bright.

APIS STEEL  
is the same right  
through and can  
be sharpened like  
ordinary steel.

DOES AWAY WITH ALL KNIFE CLEANING

Obtainable at all first-class Stores, Cutlers and Ironmongers.

APIS DEPOT,

(Proprietors: THE YORKSHIRE STEEL CO., LTD.)

30, E. Holborn, London, E.C. 1.



[Continued]

Haig Thomas some two years ago. Lady Alexandra is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra, who is a close friend of Lady Normanton. In this case the interest is something more than merely friendly, for Lady Normanton, through her Danish mother, is distantly related to Queen Alexandra, between herself and whom there is a close personal resemblance, accentuated by the style of dressing affected by both ladies. Lady Normanton is likely to be a busy hostess this season. She has two daughters "out," and one of sweet seventeen whose "launching" is hardly likely to be delayed beyond next year.

*Crossing the Atlantic.* All good Americans love a Prince, so it's not surprising that Newport society should be lashing itself into ecstasies at the mere

possibility of the Prince of Wales spending August at Newport, when so many Americans have gone "back home" to spread reports of his virtues—based on first-hand knowledge. The Hon. Lady Herbert, widow of Sir Michael Herbert, the Duchess of Marlborough, and the Marquess of Blandford will, it is reported, be at America's smartest and most exclusive watering-place at the same time, so at least there'll be someone to remind the Prince of his little home town. Incidentally, a recrudescence of the entertaining which used to furnish Society journals with many columns of "copy" is promised.

*Pity the Poor Golfer.* Pity the poor golfer. The pity has nothing to do with bunkers, sliced drives, short putts, or

any other of the many evils the golfer is heir to; the matter is the much more serious one of £ s. d. It is not that the caddie has succumbed to the prevailing passion for profiteering; but treachery—or at least selfishness—is rampant in the ranks of golfers themselves. To put the matter plainly, golf, like everything else, is growing daily more expensive; and part at least of the blame lies on the shoulders of those thoughtless ones whose generosity is greater than their sense of justice, and who think nothing of a half-crown tip. Nor is that all; at least one well-known woman is reputed to have offered a retaining fee of several guineas weekly for the best caddie at a certain Scottish links for the duration of her stay. What other members thought cannot be printed.

*At Coombe Hill.* The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association matches at Coombe Hill last week yielded nothing especially sensational either in the way of play or clothes. Eve on the tee has not, it seems, the same desire for showing off her beautiful person as Eve in Bond Street or in the ball-room. Mrs. Olaf Hambro's tweed skirt, white sweater, and white felt hat were sensible wear for a gusty day. Some of those who wore light white skirts found the blasts of last Thursday a trifle disconcerting; but the members of the L.P.G.A. take themselves seriously, and even skirt antics could not divert their attention from the matter in hand.

*Signs of Wear.* The yellow seats at Ciro's, until Monday the home of Y.M.C.A. endeavour, have begun to show signs of the wear-and-tear entailed by two strenuous years of war work. By the time these words appear in print no soldier will be able to take his lady friend to the once gay resort in Orange Street, and there will be no further need for Lady Lanesborough's or Lady Betty Butler's services as a dispenser of currant buns and innocuous tea. There was a certain piquancy about the transformation of Ciro's the Gay into Ciro's the blameless Y.M.C.A.—the most illuminating example of "constructive temperance reform," as someone put it the other day—but the experiment is felt to have been well worth while in the opinion of experts like the Duke of Connaught and General Feilding. Whether Ciro's, free once more, will return to her first love remains to be seen.

*Troubled.* Powdered noses have been troubling a too

particular papa, who sees something "silly and rather revolting" in a fashion against which he would like sensible women to protest. Perhaps he is right about the fashion—quite certainly he is wrong in his idea that "a rub with a dry towel would remove any tendency to shine." Obviously he does not suffer from the complaint, or he would find the remedy worse than the disease. It's the frankness of the modern girl that really lies at the root of papa's disquiet. A few years ago girls' noses shone in much the same way as they would do now if freed from the attentions of the powder-puff. But they powdered in secret, and nobody knew. Now it's the fashion for woman to let man into the secret of the greater part of her toilette, and disquieted papas are amongst the results of the habit.

## WRINKLES— HOW THE JAPANESE BANISH THEM FOR EVER.

Accept this great offer made to introduce in this country a totally new method guaranteed to permanently remove even the deepest creases within one week.

Nothing even remotely resembling this new Japanese method has ever been heard of in this country before. That is the only reason why so many women now have wrinkles and still consider them incurable. I want one thousand ladies in this country to remove their wrinkles by this method, and agree to recommend it to their friends AFTER it has done all I claim. This is frankly an advertising offer, but the names and addresses will be treated as strictly confidential and not used in any way. I prefer applicants to be from forty to seventy years of age, and the more wrinkled their faces are the more pleased I shall be to make them look ten to thirty years younger.

Remember, I am not asking some ridiculously exorbitant price to try this method, nor do I charge you for any "instructions." I bind no one to secrecy, and do not claim ability to remove wrinkles by means of any sort of "flesh food," face powder, plasters, lotions, or pastes, prescriptions, medicines, steaming, bandages, masks, electricity, exercises, massage, apparatus, or any mechanical appliances whatsoever. In fact, I have no toilet articles of any kind to sell you for removing wrinkles, and I do not recommend any complicated "treatment" or "system," either duplex, triplex, or any other sort of "plex." I guarantee to hold this offer open to all applicants for one month from the time this announcement appears. SEND NO MONEY, but, if convenient, three penny stamps may be enclosed for my posting expenses. There is no obligation of any kind. Merely address Mme. Y. Miyako (Dept. 100 C, 48, Dover Street, London, W. 1, and your letter will receive prompt attention, under plain, sealed cover. I agree to return even your postage in full if you are not surprised, astonished, and delighted by what I send you.

## POISONED FINGER



### Splendid Zam-Buk Healing

"I ran a needle into my index finger," said Miss BLANCHE DALE of 2, Caistor House, 8, Colsterworth Road, Tottenham, London, N.

"The finger became inflamed and swollen, and seemed to be poisoned. I could hardly bear the pain day or night.

"At the hospital my finger was lanced in three places but the poisonous matter did not come away. The surgeon said that part of the bone was diseased.

### Averted Ampu- tation.

"After enduring much agony I tried Zam-Buk. Soon after applying the balm, the corruption began to come away from my poisoned finger and I got great relief.

"A splinter of bone that had prevented the place healing came away after further Zam-Buk dressings. The healing then was steady and continuous, and before long my finger was perfectly sound.

"Zam-Buk saved my finger from amputation."

## Zam-Buk

Sold in compact boxes by all Chemists and Drug Stores, or from the Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds. Also at Capetown, Sydney, Calcutta, Bombay, Toronto, Cairo, Colombo, etc.

## Lotus

A handsome golf shoe for men, a new model, guaranteed absolutely waterproof, is now being made and supplied in small quantities to the shops that sell Lotus. Later in the year it will be in good supply.

Not only the soles but also the uppers are waterproof, and guaranteed to keep the feet dry, unless sunk right up to the ankles in water, or the socks are sprayed with water off the top of grass.

These shoes are too, considering they have double uppers, remarkably light in weight and exceedingly comfortable to wear; indeed they are just as comfortable and reliable as Lotus waterproof service boots were in waterlogged trenches.

When nailing or tacketing them for golf, nails or tackets of only moderate length, not those with long shanks, should be used, and care should be taken not to drive them into the stitches near the edge of the soles.

Letters  
Lotus Ltd  
Stafford





**Britain's  
Women  
Workers**

need to protect the complexion, otherwise the skin becomes coarse, red and rough, and the face unattractive.

The woman who uses Pomeroy Day Cream regularly, need have no fears regarding her complexion. Just a dab of Pomeroy Day Cream once or twice a day will keep your complexion clear, your skin soft and supple, and prevent those blemishes which so often follow exposure to all kinds of weather.

**Pomeroy  
Day Cream**

In dainty half-crown vases at high-class Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.,  
29, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

**THE PATENT  
Treasure Cot**

EVERYTHING for MOTHER and BABY

Newest and Daintiest articles on view for complete LAYETTE at moderate prices.

Inspection invited, no pressure to purchase.



Any Articles sent on Approval.

Hours 9 to 6, Saturdays 9 to 1.

Write for Illustrated Catalogues—

No. 1.—For Infants' Cots.

No. 2.—, Layettes and Sundries.

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Only Address—

TREASURE COT CO., LTD. (Dept. F.1.),

124, Victoria St., LONDON, S.W. 1 (next to Victoria Palace), Showrooms and Floor.

Easy starting Reserve power speed; fuel economy and a perfect lubricating system have justified the title 'TRUSTY TRIUMPH'.

Over 2,000 dealers in Great Britain

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO. LTD.,  
London: 218, Great Portland St., W.1  
Also at Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow.

**TRIUMPH**

COVENTRY

ENGLAND



*"Red Tape" Rhymes*

The warl's at peace, the fechtin's owre,  
The sodger's hame again, O;  
In guid "Red Tape" well pledge the lad  
Wi a oor nicht an' main, O!

"RED TAPE" is the connoisseur's standard of a perfect whisky. It is in demand for beverage and medicinal use everywhere. The proprietors regret that supplies are for the time being limited. Please ask your Wine Merchant for "RED TAPE."



**BANAVIE  
LOCHIEL ARMS HOTEL  
NOW OPEN**

Largest First-Class Hotel in District. Lovely Scenery. Facing Ben Nevis and Loch Linnie. Garage and Pit, Golf, Fishing, Mountaineering. Electric Light.

Mrs. LEGGE, Manageress,  
Late of the Station Hotel, Aviemore.

**Rowland's  
Kalydor**

Makes your skin soft and smooth.

You can easily have a clear, velvety, healthy complexion if you use

**Rowland's  
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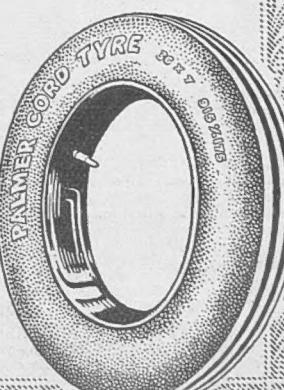
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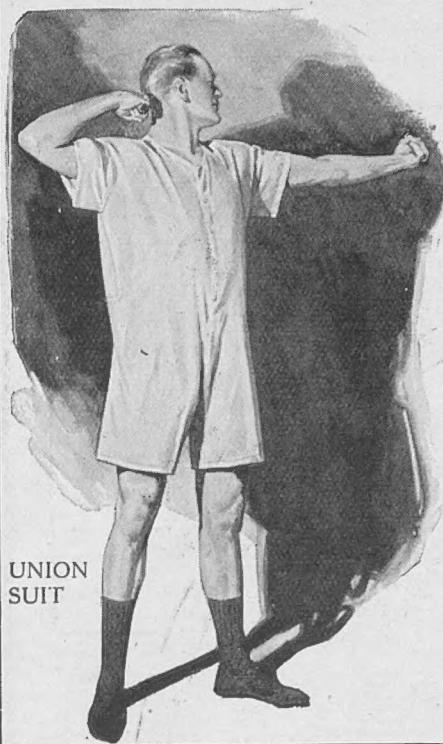
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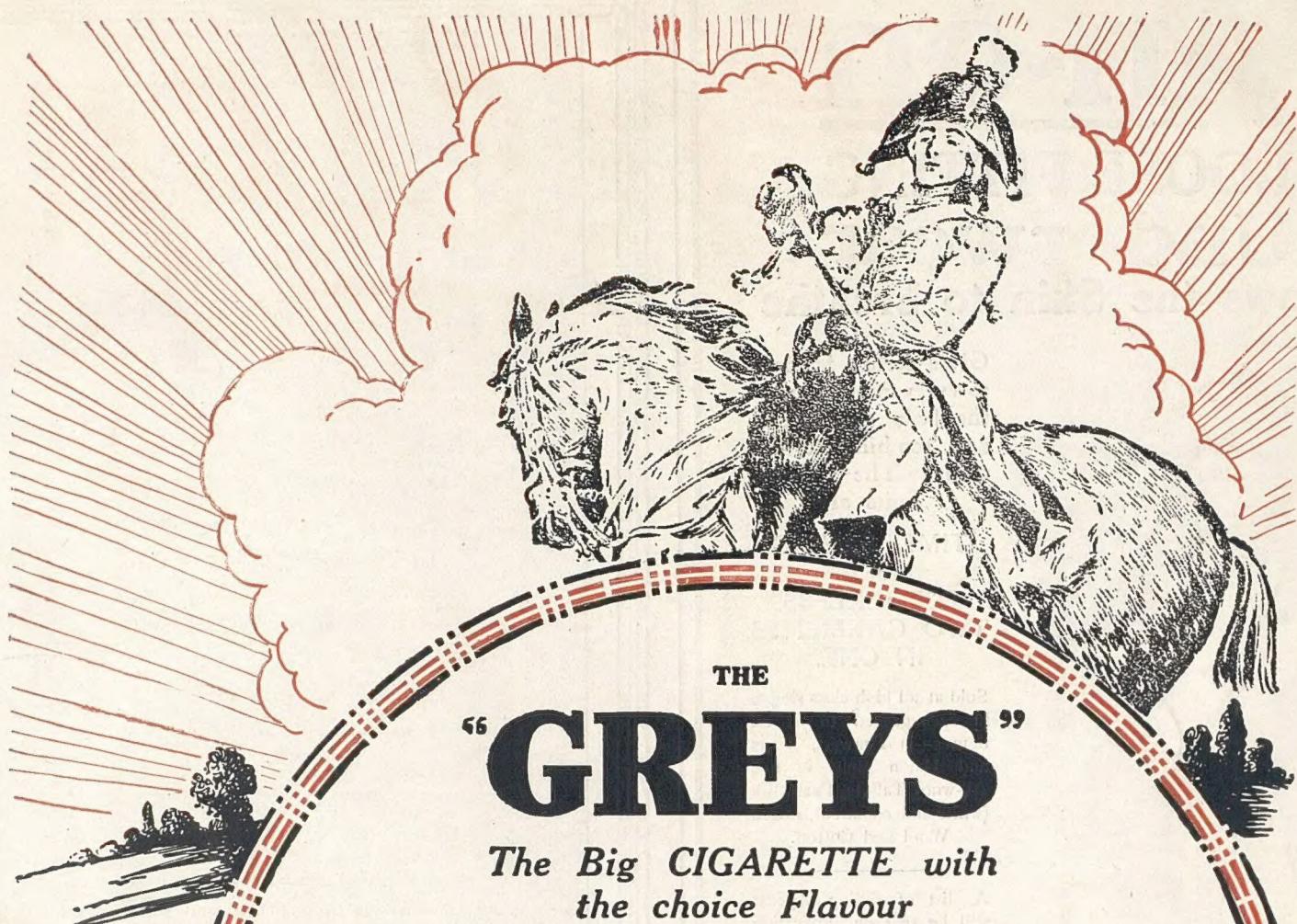
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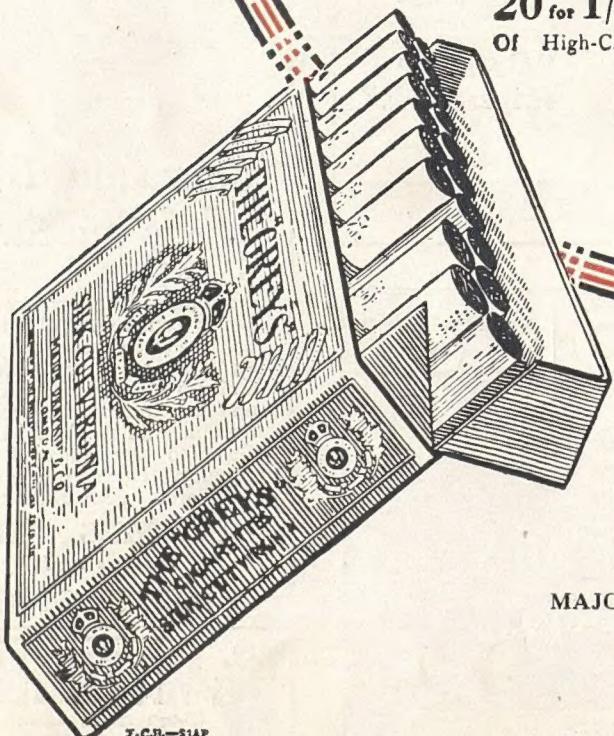
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